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# LORIA



*November, 1847.*



*Loria*

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# Loria

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VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1927.

No. 1.

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## ST. JOSEPH'S, MOTHER OURS

LOOK down, white winter moon  
The drifted snow lies white—not white  
Our Mother, as thine own  
That gleams into the starless night!  
No gold is gold as thine!  
No summer's sunset west—  
Thine is the love that flames  
For thee within each breast.

### CHORUS

Raise, raise, O voices, burst the ringing sky!  
Let echoes ring in wild, sweet harmony,  
Our hearts enshrine, our voices sing our love  
To Thee, St. Joseph's, Mother Ours, to thee!

The years will go, and must  
And going, drift us far apart,  
But still a chain will bind  
From year to year, from heart to heart.  
The light of youth will shine—  
Our college days return;  
Cherished by memory,  
The fires of youth will burn.

MARJORIE MURPHY, '29.

## SINGERS

**H**EARD melodies are sweet; but those unheard are sweeter." So, solemnly quoth John Keats many years ago, and he had less to contend with than we have to-day. For the most part, I thoroughly disagree with the honorable bard, but, occasionally, when one of my pet "hates" is being enacted, I grovel, figuratively of course, at his feet and beg humble pardon for any thought I might have harbored derogatory to his wondrous sagacity.

The "hates" that cause me to change my mind so precipitately must, therefore, be violent. The loathing that heads my list is directly not at the song, nor even at the quality of the singer's voice, but at the fact that the performer will frequently sing songs directly antagonistic to his type. The sight of a round little man fairly bursting forth impassioned love lyrics takes all the beauty and romance out of life for me. Of course, his voice may be exquisite, but unless he exercises, or diets, or even submits himself to the rack to be a trifle elongated, he should, by all codes of consistency, content himself with rollicking, good-fellowship ditties. If these suit his type rather than his voice, then let him perform behind a screen or devote himself exclusively to the blessed, blind radio, or the equally endowed victrola.

I can point, with rage, to a definite example of this species of performer, one who absolutely ruined, for evermore, as far as I am concerned, the sweetness of a certain pretty little Scotch folk song. "Whistle, and I'll come tae ye m'lad" is its name. I settled back in my chair, at a particularly informal gathering, and waited contentedly for the petite, charming and girlish soprano (she couldn't be anything else to sing a song like that) to step forth upon the platform. The curtains parted. I slumped in my chair with the weight of my sinking heart as a coy and corpulent matron mincingly stepped forth. She was dressed in something fuzzy and fluffy which augmented her immense super-structure, and, all the while she waited for the introductory chords to lead

to something definite, she blinked her eyes ceaselessly and not particularly well. With much twisting and smiling and tossing of her several chins, the singer beseeched the masculine audience to whistle that she might go to them. One naked-pated patron obliged. I was deeply gratified to see an expression of pain—acute, amazed and aggrieved—pass over his face when his less romantic but more conventional spouse pressed a slender but none the less effective French heel into his foot. No further attempts to coax the kittenish performer to succumb to a whistle were made and she, seeing she had no one else to go to, retired with a bustle, a last toss of the head and a roguish glance, to whomsoever awaited her behind the scenes.

My next "hate" is inspired by those who think a certain song is admirably suited to their voices and, therefore, render it upon every occasion. Of course, it usually isn't, but someone told them it was, they think so themselves, and the audience, by all laws of reason, common-sense, and what-not, should think so, too. A popular weakness to shriek a chromatic obbligato to a flute has, lately, been manifest in a particular class of soprano-lyric, I believe it is called. There are some, it is true, who emit a beautiful, golden cascade of exquisite melody not unlike the outbursts of the lark—but there are others, ah me, those others! They clench their hands tightly, throw back their heads and open their mouths wide for all to see, then proceed, in a series of "ah's," to run two or three—usually more—notes behind the flute, up the scale, then all the way down again. The final note is preceded by a spasmodic heaving of the shoulders—a sort of mustering of forces—the mouth is opened a little wider, if possible, and a thin, unmusical scream rends the air and the ear-drums.

Also in this class, is the bass, who, true to convention, precedent, and the memory of countless basses before him, will—you can always depend on it—sing "Asleep in the deep" upon the slightest provocation or encouragement. This one affords me more pain than any other, for the discomfort is physical as well as mental. Before he is half through, I have descended to the

depths with him and my throat is quite raw. As he goes deeper and deeper into the number, and his jaw drops lower and lower, I become filled with a nervous excitement lest something go wrong before he reaches the bottom. I drop my chin upon my chest, stiffen the muscles of my throat and endeavor, through sympathetic suggestion, to help him to reach his goal. By the time the last dismal growl, dimmed by distance, no doubt, emanates from the long-jawed, crinkle-chinned, sad-visaged singer, I am absolutely exhausted and thoroughly incapacitated for any conversation above a whisper for more than a week.

You are all familiar with the quartette who croon something about "all God's chillun gonna hab shoes an' walk all ober God's hebbens, hebbens, hebbens, hebbens," and so on indefinitely. Turn on the radio any night, or visit any vaudeville house and you will find the same group waxing childish—imitating animals or singing about a little red drum, rat-a-te-tat-te-tat-te-tat. The best of them get that way occasionally. To every man there comes a time when the instinct to seek the company and harmony of his own kind will not be denied. Four kindred souls get together for the purpose of self-expression, confidence grows as melodies get nearer and lo! another quartette is foisted upon the world. Something should be done about these drug-stores and street corners. However, as long as these quartettes keep within the bounds of adult selections, I shall not start a movement for the prohibition of the aforementioned training centres.

Oh yes, there are other "hates"—the "mammy" specialist, the nasal, whining singer of contemporary ballads, and the impersonator of all well-known stars from Al Jolson to Alma Gluck. These and others on my list were unknown to John Keats. Although his words in "An Ode to a Grecian Urn" probably were uninspired by anything but the figures on the urn, I am sure, if he had heard some of the "artists" who sing, unimpeded and unmolested, in this day and age, he would have changed the line which appears at the head of this piece to "Heard melodies are sweet, but, by all the Muses, those unheard are sweeter."

IRENE R. ROTH, '29.

## WILLIAM BLAKE, 1827-1927

*"Hamlet once met William Blake.  
They chatted for politeness' sake.  
Said Hamlet: 'Do you see that cloud?'  
Said William: 'Yes, it is a crowd  
Of Seraphim shouting "Glory! Hail!"'  
Said Hamlet: 'No, it's like a whale.'  
And so they parted each one glad  
That the other, not he, was mad."*

S. FOSTER DAMON.



N these verses there is rather a good appraisement of William Blake's attitude toward life and perhaps a still better estimate of what other men thought of him. For William Blake the dreamer, the mystic, would vision something ethereal and heavenly where another would see something quite prosaic and mundane. A cloud could undoubtedly have seemed to him a host of angels, exalting. Was this madness? That was what the majority of those who encountered him thought. But he, for his part, went on his way rejoicing in what he saw. For the creations of his fancy were so vivid that they were as real to him as the objects of his sense. If it were not madness, it was genius that moved him. It has been said that these extremes are not widely separated, that they have met before.

Whatever the valuation put upon him while he lived Blake has now come into his own. In this year, the centennial of his death, hundreds of people have made pilgrimages to his grave in Bunhill Fields. They came because of a real devotion to the poet. Perhaps the cause of this, as George Saintsbury singles out in a contribution to the centennial celebration, is that the best of Blake's poetry has an extraordinary power of giving fresh and not merely repeated enjoyment. His poems are variant.

Simplicity and pretentiousness, harmony and discord, contentment and strife, may each hold sway.

Yet, Blake is best loved for his simpler poems, for those exquisite lyrics in which, by some wonderful power, he is able to record that note of simplicity and trust that we find in a child. He is "The Piper" of his poem who sang his "songs of pleasant glee" for a little child, until, as he says, the child bade him

“ ‘Piper sit thee down and write  
In a book that all may read’  
So he vanished from my sight  
And I plucked a hollow reed.

“And I made a rural pen  
And I stained the waters clear  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.”

Whether these verses are quite the songs children might "joy to hear" is debatable, but the fact remains that to the more mature they are a delight. Probably the poet in his genius realized that we are all as children in some respects. There is an intangible something that we hear in these poems, a chord that is not quite pathos, yet one that touches the heart. Blake seemed to realize our necessity of becoming "as little children." In the "Cradle Song" from the "Songs of Experience" he chants:

“Sweet dreams, form a shade  
O'er my lovely infant's head.

. . . . .  
“Sweet sleep, angel mild  
Hover o'er my happy child.

. . . . .  
“Sweet babe, in thy face  
Holy image, I can trace.  
Sweet babe, once like thee  
Thy maker lay and wept for me.

“Wept for me, for thee, for all  
When he was an infant small.  
Thou his image ever see,  
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

“Smiles on thee, on me, on all  
Who became an infant small,  
Infant smiles are his own smiles,  
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.”

Blake was a creature of many moods yet it is hard to reconcile the tone of the “Songs of Experience” with his earlier “Songs of Innocence.” Like many another soul he seems to have lost with his youth a precious something. In “The Clod and the Pebble” there crops up a note of cynicism, of discord. Gone is his naïveté—he is old. Compare the first and last stanzas of the poem, quoted below. Therein is the contrast, the outlook of his youth and the outlook of his age.

“ ‘Love seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care,  
But for another gives its ease,  
And builds a Heaven in Hell’s despair.’ ”

“So sung a little clod of clay,  
Trotted with the cattle’s feet,  
But a pebble of the brook  
Warbled out these meters meet:

“ ‘Love seeketh only self to please,  
To bind another to its delight,  
Joys in another’s loss of ease,  
And builds a Hell in Heaven’s despite.’ ”

In another of the “Songs of Experience,” Blake questions what immortal hand dared frame the fearful symmetry of the

tiger. There is something weird and unearthly, and hardly intelligible in the lines where he addresses the beast thus:

“When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered Heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?”

William Blake in any mood is interesting. In him can be found always something new—something that one has never before noticed. Even the prophetic books though difficult and often unintelligible, become real to us when we realize how the poet was swept on by the revolutionary thought that was rife at the time. Some of these poems seem modern in their extremes, and the world may yet sound with his message. The poet protests against the banishing of peace from the land. Let us leave him exclaiming in so characteristic a manner:

“Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!”

“I shall not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England’s green and pleasant land.”

MARY MARGARET BIRD, '28.

## “THE DREAM HOUSE”

UMMER vacations come and go, leaving but a slight impression on our rather prosaic lives. Now and again, in our course of rambling, we come in contact with some person or thing, which seems to carry a special message for us; a special significance which reaches deeper than the rather superficial surface of our lives. Things have the power to affect me, quite as much as particular personalities, and it was my fortune this summer to be visiting at a house whose distinctive charm I shall never quite forget. In fact, if I were not rather sure of my philosophy, I should aver, with staunch conviction, that the house possessed a soul, quite as much as the beings with whom I daily talked.

Have houses ever seemed to you to reflect the dreams and lives of the people who spend a great deal of time within them? Even the shabby homes of the poor have their redeeming features—a picture hung here, a single flower placed there, and, almost magically, you have transformed what was, but a moment before, a mere space surrounded by four walls, into the room which breathes a refinement that only the most careless observer could leave unnoticed.

The house I speak of must have been the fulfillment of some architect's dream. For one creation of its kind, any artist would have been willing to devote a lifetime of work. Low and rambling, it lay in the silver moonlight, which touched the ivy-covered walls with an almost maternal fondness. It was one of those nights when the moon, at her full, seems to purge the earth of sin, by bathing it in all-purifying light. Everything seemed as if touched by the magic wand of a fairy godmother. Below the terraced bank on which the old home rested, gleamed the river, flowing onward with an inevitable trend to its destination. It looked rather like a silver ribbon, wafted in and

out by a tender breeze. I could hear it murmur its eternal message—I listened but could not fathom the meaning. The happy stars above kept guard as the still night spent its power and the “man in the moon” seemed to smile at the river below, as if they were keeping a tryst.

I feared to break the spell lest I should find myself in the dim gray dawn of cold reality. As I stood at the gate of the spacious garden surrounding the house, I could not but recall:

“The woodbine spices are wafted abroad  
And the musk of the rose is blown.”

The roses seemed verily to whisper their secrets to me as I passed among them, and the lilies nodded their heads.

At last I entered the house through the broad colonial door and I believe I shall never forget the charm of the room I beheld. The huge fireplace, at one side, with the dying embers of its fire, demanded attention; the window casements were low and broad; the old-fashioned furniture was skillfully placed, yet it was none of these that lent the particular impression to the room. The lighting effect was dim and peaceful, a subdued golden glow served to light the broad room. For color harmony the interior decorator need go no further for perfection—the magic blue of a sapphire sky was combined with the incomparable yellow of the daffodil. No, it was not there, and, as I stood at the threshold, first a vase of white roses and lilies of the valley came within my view, and again, a delicate, painted shade of a lamp. I rejected each in its turn, and, at last, my eyes rested upon a massive oil painting which was hung directly above the fireplace. I gazed, how long I know not, as one in a dream. The picture, lighted by two candles, placed at either side of it, revealed the figure of a young girl, exquisitely beautiful, kneeling at a casement window, her hands clasped in prayer. Such a picturization of the “Madaline” of Keats’ “Eve of St. Agnes,” I had never seen before, and, in the words of the poet, I may best describe her to you.

"Full on the casement shown the wintry moon  
And threw warm gules on Madaline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boom;  
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory, like a saint,  
She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed  
Save wings, for heaven . . .  
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint."

This, indeed, was the thing that gave the room its life, its soul. I drew a slow breath, and, with a sudden jerk, I returned to reality—but such a pleasant reality—for I had found "The House of my Dreams."

M. REGINA PEPPARD, '28.

### "ACHIEVEMENT"

He viewed the shipwreck of his noble dreams,  
He heard the other failures mock with scorn,  
Their "What's the use?", half tempting; then he sensed  
A courage in him, of his failure born.

He built upon the shipwreck of his dreams  
Another dream, surpassing all by far.  
The mocking ones looked on,—took heart again—  
And made his dream their constant guiding star.  
ELINOR A. PARKS, '29.

## AN OLD SONG

*"Thou needs't not sing new songs, but say the old."*

—Cowley.



HAT a peculiarly comforting thought to one who would aspire to originality! It lessens his chagrin at the paucity of his wit and reinflates his ego with the consideration that even Cowley, contemporary and rival of Milton, thus condoned his own lack of eccentricity. For, in a broader sense, originality is eccentricity and therefore is possible to only a few. These are the geniuses. To them is given the soul-satisfying privilege of sounding the keynotes of "new songs." The more ordinary can only repeat an old refrain.

Centuries ago, Horace chose three unsung notes from the heart of man and fashioned a chord whose reverberations will be heard through all ages. His would still be an immortal name if his heritage of song had been fruitful of nothing else save that lofty ideal of friendship—"anīmæ dimidium mæcæ." It is a sublime conception of friendship as a welding together of two spirits. It supposes immeasurable love, generous sympathy, and complete understanding, but it implies more than these. It represents the approach of the animate to the spiritual in the invisible fusion of mind with mind, heart with heart, and soul with soul. It is a profound thought expressed with the naïveté of a profound mind. It is refreshingly free from cynicism. Therein lies its potency.

Equanimity is the only protection against such cynicism. The assumption that each will exact its due amount of pain should be a basic idea in the formation of friendships. It may be indirect suffering through a friend's affliction. This, while its passivity is affecting, can scarcely be called painful in the sense intended here. Real pain, the pain of disillusionment, lies in two sources—untrustworthiness and misappraisal. If a

friendship is founded upon the supposition, rather, the sincere conviction, that the friend is trustworthy, and if this trust is reciprocated, then that friendship will endure. But, when a crucial moment bares your friend's betrayal, when a critical situation reveals his lapse from ideals—be tolerant. Therein lies the sustenance of those who would avoid cynicism, that last refuge of weak natures.

Cynicism cannot find nourishment where humility and a true sense of human relationships are present. Be mindful of the meagerness of your own offer of friendship and be not surprised at your friend's infidelity. Rehabilitate your shattered dream-house. Perchance, the latter will find a firmer basis in the ruins of the former. Be spendthrift of yourself if you would avoid cynicism. Found friendship on faith, faithfulness and humility.

“And human love needs human meriting:

How hast thou merited—

Of all man's clotted clay, the dingiest clot?”

MAY MEANY, '30.

## FINIS

Now day fades with his glamourous pageant of color  
Down the long, flaming highroads of the world,  
And night comes marching over the western foothills,  
With his dark cohorts and his banner of stars unfurled.

Now inland over the sand-dunes races the seawind—  
Eager, swift-footed, past the dim crags and morasses,  
Fleet, in the star-shine, with his billowing cloak about him,  
Gently rippling the tips of the tall marsh grasses.  
And we who hear in the heart's immortal music,  
Echoing faintly, the wind's far-shrilling call,  
Watching the silent bivouac of the shadows  
Know then it is the end,—the end of all.

ADELE McCABE, '31.

## CHERRYBROOK

*"After wet twilights, when the rain is done,  
I think they walk these ways that knew their feet,  
And tread these sunken pavements, one by one,  
Keen for old Summers that were wild and sweet;  
Where rainy lilacs blow against the dark,  
And grasses bend beneath the weight they bare,  
The night groves troubled, and we still may mark  
Their ghostly heart-break on the tender air.*

*"Be still! We cannot know what trysts they keep,  
What eager hands reach vainly for a door,  
Remembered since they folded them in sleep,—  
Frail hands that lift like lilacs, evermore,  
And lean along the darkness, pale and still,  
To touch a window or a crumbling sill."*

DAVID MORTON.



HERRYBROOK FARM is placed in a valley, surrounded by the green slopes of Connecticut hills, and continually touched by the purple-gold mists that many sunrises and sunsets have trailed behind them.

We approach on a road that dances in the sunlight, and sends up golden motes to greet our footsteps. The brook—Cherrybrook—laughs and twinkles on our left. On our right the thick, deep grass of the farm's front yard tangles itself in the shadow of two great pine trees. An old garden wall ambles lazily toward the south side of the house, and one catches glimpses of tall hollyhocks nodding graciously to one another. Cherrybrook house is more than a century old. It is fashioned of wood, painted white in the New England tradition, and boasts the graceful beauty of a Georgian doorway. I have thought that many sorrows and many happinesses have gone through that doorway. Its jambs are thick and dusty with dreams.

Dressed in the wedding gown that Jane Morton wore seventy years ago, I walked over its sill last summer, and wondered how little Jane felt when she first stepped there. But then, Peter Morton would have carried his bride over that threshold, lest the little sorrows should catch on her skirts.

Cherrybrook isn't a good farm. I think its ground is worn out. It has not paid its keep for years. The old house sags a little with its weight of years—but yet it would be wrong to desert this place, that has so much to give of memories. Its road has heard too many hoof-beats to be silent. Its garden wall has known the sweetness of too many summers to fall, overgrown, neglected, crumbling now.

“Be still! We cannot know what trysts they keep,  
What eager hands reach vainly for a door,  
Remembered since they folded them in sleep,—  
Frail hands that lift like lilacs, evermore,  
And lean along the darkness, pale and still,  
To touch a window or a crumbling sill.”

CATHARINE FOURNIER, '30.

## THE MASTERPIECE



EEKS proceeded down the foyer with the tea tray. He paused at the great oak door. It yielded to his touch and swung back slowly on its hinges.

Across the room John Burroughs sat in a big arm-chair, carefully flicking the ash from his half-burned cigar. He frowned at his son, sitting opposite.

"Besides, the time you give to those fool pictures upsets all order in this house."

"But Dad, art is my life-work."

"Work—bah! Nothing but a waste of time. Go out and earn a decent livelihood; then come and speak to me of work." The father motioned to Weeks with the nonchalant air of dismissing the subject.

Young Burroughs stood before the fireplace, thoughtful. He spoke suddenly.

"Perhaps you're right, sir. I'll go, and return—with results! It won't take me long."

His father raised his brow. A twinkle came into his eyes.

"Fine, son," he cried, clasping the boy's outstretched hand. "But let's not make it too long."

The door closed behind him.

\* \* \* \*

Donald stood at the window, smoking. The sun was setting, deep orange, against the deepening sky. It reminded him of Japan, the three months spent with poor Neewah's family. Don had been kind to Neewah at college, had shielded him from mocking students; and Neewah had never forgotten; nor had his family. Even Haraki felt that he was indebted to him. Poor Haraki—Donald smiled at the thought. How that Japanese hated the "American boy;" and all because Little San Toy had refused his love. He suspected Don of coming between them. Foolish man—Don thought. It was two years since Neewah had died, but still the family wrote, never failing to extend an invitation to visit their beloved Japan.

"By Jove," Don said aloud, "Japan's the place."

The rippling brook and cherry blossoms lived again in his memory.

\* \* \* \*

The sirens shrieked. The bells rang. On the lower deck men were piling up trunks and boxes. Passengers walked to and fro, laughing, chatting, saying farewell to newly-made friends. Women gathered together their possessions and exchanged fond wishes with one another. The children bubbled over with excitement, their flushed faces looking forward to a new land. The boat had landed in Yokohama.

Donald Burroughs walked down the gangplank. He stared about him. "Me take your grip," a wizened, yellow face spoke up at him. The man threw him a coin.

"Our honorable friend has at last arrived"—Don turned.

"San Toy," he cried. He looked down into a pair of dark eyes, a wisp of chestnut hair curled out from under her hat.

"No one else but"—she laughed up at him—"you see I am learning your American slang."

"You are doing well," Burroughs replied. "But your father—isn't he with you?"

San Toy's eyes filled with tears. "No, Don, father is ill, very ill."

Together they walked to the rickshaw.

"And for you, Don! How is your art progressing? Your masterpiece. When do you begin it?"

"It is half completed, San Toy, but I need your beautiful country to furnish the last color."

The rickshaw was lowered before the picturesque house, built within gardens. A place of beauty—an ideal spot for art, thought Don.

A tall, lean man approached them. Don frowned unconsciously. The Japanese held out a long-fingered hand.

"Welcome to our humble dwelling," he spoke slowly, a bit coldly.

"How are you, Haraki?" Don clasped the outstretched hand hurriedly.

San Toy slipped a hand through each of the men's arms. "Let us go up to father," she said. "It will please him to see the dear friend of his son once more."

The room was darkened. An odor of fragrant lilies filled the air. The American noticed that the face on the pillow was shriveled as it turned toward him, but the eyes lit up with pleasure.

The man was wasted, but his goodness beamed forth like a star from a dull background.

"My esteemed brother," he spoke sincerely. "Your presence brings me comfort."

Don sat close to Wing Lou's bedside, and together they talked in reverence of Neewah and Don's last visit to Japan.

"And Haraki still hates me," Don laughed.

Old Wing Lou smiled sadly.

"It is not hatred my nephew has for you. He is jealous. He knows no better."

\* \* \* \*

The flowers blossomed forth in beauty. The sky took on more grandeur. The water sparkled more brightly; and everything was sunshine.

Donald Burroughs sat, brush in hand, before the easel. His sleeves were rolled halfway up his arms, his collar opened at the throat. He placed the brush upon the blue, giving it a truer tint. The scene was living a true reflection of life and beauty. Don stepped back from the easel.

"Finished," he spoke aloud.

"So soon?" San Toy appeared from behind the garden house. "It is priceless," she murmured, with a little catch in breath at the thought of so much beauty captured by the brush.

"Oh, come!" he cried, "I think I deserve some luncheon. I am famished."

He grasped San Toy's tiny hand in his own and ran toward the little house. The table was set for the two of them, in garden fashion. As San Toy placed the dainty china on the tea tray, Donald watched her. She had always puzzled him. Her skin was olive, it was not yellow. Her hair was chestnut brown, not the usual shiny black of the Japanese women. How she differed from Neewah who had been so like his countrymen! He knew she was not Wing Lou's daughter. But who was she, so different from her race, and yet so strikingly apart from American girls? Don was reluctant to ask.

The masterpiece was at last completed. Donald left the admiring San Toy before it after luncheon.

"We'll keep it here until the evening; then we can bring it to your father. I think he'll like it, don't you, San Toy?" He only needed her eyes for assurance. With a laugh of sheer pleasure in his completed work, he left to rest awhile through the long afternoon.

\* \* \* \*

It was three o'clock. The garden was warm, too warm to attract strollers. Haraki, garbed in black-tunic, propelled the large fan back and forth as he neared the garden house. He looked up suddenly. The familiar scene on the canvas stared back at him. The fan ceased moving. Haraki stood silent.

A sneer curled his lips, and the scheming eyes almost closed. "Masterpiece!" he mocked.

Impulsively, he grabbed the knife from his belt and stabbed into the canvas. The jagged cut crossed the picture diagonally and left it ruined, hanging from the easel.

Haraki stared about him. He seemed afraid. His eyes went back to the picture. He laughed softly—"Masterpiece," he murmured. And the fan swung back and forth as his lean body moved down the walk.

\* \* \* \*

The hands of the clock coincided at six. Donald fairly leaped from the low porch. The sun looked like a fiery torch sinking behind a hill of purple pansies. The willowy trees bowed

in the dying day. The wind whispered songs that seemed to breathe out mystery. Don stared about, awed by the mystic beauty of it all. The trees, the birds, the budding flowers all whispered "Accomplishment." It was too good, Don thought.

With a sigh he walked to the garden house. He stopped—"My God!" he muttered.

\* \* \* \*

"I'll fetch him back, father"—San Toy's voice rippled over the terrace. She, too, was happy.

"Donald!" she called. Her brow contracted in annoyance. There was no trace of him in the orchard. San Toy rushed to his room. It was empty—everything in confusion. Donald had gone!

The thought came to her suddenly. In less than a minute she was out near the garden house. There it was—the easel smashed to the lawn—the picture in threads. The artist had fled in desperation.

\* \* \* \*

He stood staring down into the dirty streets of Yokohama. The natives ran to and fro in the dusk, their little feet scraping along the narrow pavement. In the distance the lights from an outgoing ship still lingered in view. But Donald saw nothing of the oncoming night. He was thinking of the picture, his masterpiece. He turned from the window and slumped down into the wicker chair. His head dropped into his hands.

Two weeks had passed since he had left the house of Wing Lou. And his picture was gone! It meant another two years of hard work, of going over each color separately, tinting, touching up here and there. And Dad would wonder; he'd laugh again at his old paints. Haraki—Don clenched his fists.

A knock on the door—it opened gently.

"Come," Burroughs called.

San Toy rushed to his side.

"San Toy—but how, why?" Donald was stunned.

"Why did you leave us so abruptly, Don?"

"I'm sorry, San Toy, but my picture was destroyed, ruined—but it is good to see you again."

He looked at her. Her eyes were filled with tears, her little mouth quivered.

"You have suffered, Donald, and all for nothing. Your picture was not touched. It was your first copy of it that Haraki cut."

"My picture is still good?" Don seemed incredulous.

"Yes, I took it from the easel after you had left the garden. Haraki's jealousy made me suspicious. So I placed the copy there to shield the new canvas you had tacked to the stand. I am so sorry you have suffered. Here is your masterpiece."

Burroughs stared at the scene before him. It was, indeed, the picture he so loved. He had succeeded. He knew his reputation as an artist was won. And Dad Don turned to San Toy. Her eyes stared back into his. They fascinated him—held him—why—

"San Toy," he whispered, and drew her into his arms.

Later San Toy lifted her head.

"Wing Lou has told me some strange things about my family," she said softly. "I was left to him by my father when he died here twenty years ago. Imagine, Donald, my name is Sandra Devere. And Don, I too am an American."

"Devere," Burroughs repeated, "not the Sam Devere of oil fame?"

"He was my father," she replied, surprised.

"Well, by golly, Devere was Dad's best friend in business—San Toy, you are just marvelous!"

\* \* \* \*

Weeks answered the loud ring.

"Mr. Donald," he bowed.

"My wife, Weeks." Don brushed past him, holding fast to San Toy's hand.

"Dad!" He rushed into the library.

"Huh! I'm reading about your fool masterpiece," John

Burroughs said, from the depths of the chair. But the mirror before him reflected the light that filled his face.

"But, Dad, I've another wonderful present for you. My wife,—Sandra Devere Burroughs, alias San Toy."

Burroughs Senior jumped up from the chair.

"Well, I'll be"—he grinned, and drew Sandra to him.

An hour later Donald held the picture up to the light and said, "Not bad, eh, Dad? And the old paints did it, too! My masterpiece," he laughed proudly.

"Beautiful," Burroughs murmured. He was looking at San Toy.

ETHEL M. PERKINS, '28.

### A WISH

OH, give me a raft on the ocean of love  
And an oar that knows not hate,  
With a moonlit sky that's just above,  
And an evening a little late.  
Then hand-in-hand, with a comrade true,  
Let me drift to the water's end,  
With never a cloud to mar the blue  
Of my mind's own sky. Let me wend  
My way to a quiet place  
Where love abounds. Let me stay,  
Far removed from life's swift race,  
With no end to a perfect day.  
Let me reach that state of longed-for bliss  
With someone who knows me well.

EMMA BERGEN, '28.

## IL DUCE

**B**ENITO MUSSOLINI—practical psychologist, picturesque poseur, proud pretender—is the most fascinating figure in the world today. Fascinating as an individual and yet more captivating as the moulder of many men. From his rebellious youth in a blacksmith's shop to his domineering dictatorship in Italy, Mussolini's career has been one of storm and stress, of charge and recrimination, of noisy prominence, of sheer boldness and constant uncertainty.

Mussolini is a poseur *par excellence*. He stands up as the god and prophet of all Italy and the terrible protector of his people. Everywhere, his portrait appears to compel the worship of a nation and to terrorize an idolatrous mob. In the public eye, Mussolini is always the fearless Fascist, the Roman conqueror.

Perhaps the commander owes his influence to his knowledge of the Italian temperament. The Italian is always moved by a spectacle. Mussolini has played upon the emotions of a people and has abused his privilege. At the same time, he possesses all the powers of the trained military and political leader. When he had won over his gay, liberty-loving but fiery countrymen, he moulded them into a disciplined, militarized force, implement of his designs. Under Fascist rule, Italy has improved economically and order is apparent, but such a subdued citizenship is not a likely source of happiness. Joyous Italy is now a slavishly patriotic unit, idolizing a dictator and subject to doubt and unrest.

Meanwhile, the cause of all this plays his rôle. Mussolini is a great pretender and imitator. He poses as a modern Cæsar and an invincible leader, whose claim to Italian supremacy must not be disputed—and yet he fears for his power and his life and dares not ride in public unguarded. While opposing Bolshevism, Mussolini emulates Lenin and Trotzky. But more than this he

assumes the rôles of great Julius Cæsar and cool Nero. All the pomp and display of the Roman legion Mussolini has sought to incorporate into his military organization. A noted journalist comments on the following revealing incident in the life of Benito Mussolini: "On the day when the Italian-Jugoslav incident threatened an eruption and European statesmen were bending all efforts to prevent a new catastrophe in the Balkans, Benito Mussolini stood up in the Foreign Office, in the Chigi Palace and played a violin which was presented to him that afternoon. He played it with the air of a virtuoso facing a vast audience. While Europe is still writhing in the agonies of the war's aftermath, and new catastrophes are looming up, Benito Mussolini is fiddling in his Foreign Office."

Whatever his contribution, Mussolini is zealously revered in his native land. Just now his personality dominates the life of Italy and Il Duce is supreme. Always, the world watches with interest and awe—for the precarious position of the "prophet" Mussolini may determine the fate of a continent.

MARY LOFTUS, '29.

## HISTORY OR FICTION?



T all started this way. The Queen entered the state chamber in a very distraught manner and said to her maid of honor, "The king is not quite well today."

Now, Mistress Chatterbox had her ideas on the subject, so she said to her companion in her best stage whisper: "I wonder if she thinks we believe that story. 'Tis more likely that he is never quite well. What with that scatterbrain mother of his and the rest of the family I wonder that he ever spends a comfortable day. He is to be pitied!"

So Miss Eveready broadcasted to her circle of friends that the king would soon be insane from the cares of state, and they, in turn, established the fact that he was insane. And there you are!

And again. 'Twas late on a winter night when an armed force clattered up to the house of an old printer in Cranberry Lane. Rumor had it that he was preparing an account of the king's victory on the continent but two weeks ago. Being enemies of the ruler they desired nothing better than the downfall of the reigning house. Loud knocks and muttered oaths echoed down the lane. "Come out, you traitor, or we'll pull you from your lair!" shouted one boisterous youth. The latticed window swung open and a silver head, framed by candlelight, appeared. "What is it?" quavered the old man. The leader answered: "By tomorrow night, on our return, you'll change your story of that battle or we'll change your resting place. We are no friends of the king and will have no tales told to his advantage. Hear you that, scoundrel?" Only waiting to hear his shaking assent they galloped away.

Once more. It was after the Battle of the Pyramids, when Napoleon went to a now famous historian and asked him to write a "History of Napoleon the Great." "Here's a little money for

you, citizen, and see that you forget my retreat from Egypt and the desertion of my men."

Is one, then, to reject all the so-called facts of history? Hardly. But a spirit of inquiry, of reading "cum granum" will give a totally different angle on a goodly number of historical happenings.

MARY MANNING, '28.

### THE GYPSY TRAIL

I'd love to lead the gypsy life  
And camp beside the road,  
And scorn the unromantic folk  
Who have a fixed abode.

I'd halt my gypsy wagon  
At a different camp each night,  
And sing the song of the Gypsy Trail  
About my camp fire bright.

HELEN A. GRIFFITHS, '28.

## THE PORT OF ENTRY



N aged Syrian woman, standing in the doorway of a crowded Ellis Island detention room, clutched at the sleeve of a passing official.

"Please," she implored, speaking in a Yiddish dialect, "find me my son. I have traveled far to see him. He promised to meet me here. Now they say he is not yet come."

The tears rolled down the seamed, earthbrown face. She wrapped the shawl which served for her hat and cloak more closely about her. The official shook her off gently.

"You must wait for your son. As soon as we can pass you, we will let him know."

Turning unsatisfied, she searched every face in the room, hoping to find a friend who would summon her boy.

There was one face which twitched nervously every time the old woman's glance rested upon it. The eyes were dark as her own, and the skin only a shade lighter.

The official crossed over to him.

"I can't tell her who you are," he whispered, "she'd make an awful fuss. Don't say anything until she's passed."

The young man, carefully dressed, but showing the evidences of hard labor, stolidly agreed.

The woman wearily sat down. The tears continued to trickle through her closed lids. She thought of her tiny farm in Saida, of the neighbors who had prophesied ill of this journey over half the earth. They had been right, and she was a fool,—a fool for the son who had once hung dependently on her skirts when she handplowed her meager crops.

How lonely it was when he left for this great, bleak America. The little tasks which were a delight when done for him, had become irksome without the inspiration of his bright glance, his affectionate praise. She lived for the day when

Benjamin, beloved among his brethren, would make a home for her in the land of promise.

It was a wrench to tear away from the old familiar ways when the summons finally came, but she was a Hebrew mother, and Benjamin was the only one, of all her stalwart sons, to remember his mother in the new life.

So she set out gladly, if fearsomely, on the long pilgrimage. Its hardships she offered to the Great Jehovah as a thank offering. The sickening roll and lurch of the big ship, none too sea-worthy, were impressed upon her mind like a bad dream.

In the unwelcome intimacy of the women's dormitory of the steerage, her face to the wall and her shawl thrown around her, she was conscious of the mockery of her fellow passengers. Fresh humiliations awaited her at the port of entry. Here she was ticketed and labelled, thoroughly examined and appraised like a head of live stock.

Then she was led to a long table, where a man told her to write a few sentences in her own language. She spelled out:

"My name is Rachel Levy. My son, Benjamin, lives here. He sent for me to live with him. Please find him for me."

The man smiled and asked for her papers. He examined them, frowned, and asked her who had gotten them for her. She told him, and he said she would have to wait before he could let her land.

He called to another Hebrew-speaking official: "Bring this woman upstairs, Louie. That new clerk in the Joppa consulate has made her non-quota, and I'll have to cable to get it fixed."

So she was brought to the detention room. Life here was much like the life on the ship, except now there was the awful fear that her son had forgotten her.

She prayed ceaselessly. Surely God would not exact this sacrifice. Better for her to have died in far-off Syria.

\* \* \* \*

Her eyes opened at a touch on her arm. It was the friendly official.

"Everything's all right now, Mother. The Syrian consul says he passed you within the quota."

She looked up unintelligently. The official beckoned, and in a rush she was gripped in strong arms.

"Mamma! Don't you know me, Mamma?"

Incredulously she gazed at the dapper young man who had been sitting opposite her.

Then she sobbed a short, broken "Benjamin" and clung to him as if she would never let him go.

The official smiled good-naturedly. "Sorry you had to wait so long, young fella. But we have to be sure it's all right before we can pass anyone. You can take her home anytime now."

So, arm-in-arm, mother and son left the port of entry, and were taken into the heart of the land of promise.

MARGARET McNULTY, '28.

# *Loria*

"LITTERÆ OBLECTAMEN REMANEANT IN ÆTERNUM"

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## EDITORIALS

### FOR THE SENIORS

EW of us at St. Joseph's are conscious of our love for Alma Mater until we foretaste her loss. Thus is our Senior Year, of which we had expected so much, darkened by the shadow of the writing on the wall.

We sense that even the very deference of the lower classmen preludes our separation from the college we have loved. We would put off this parting, hide within the protecting arms of Alma Mater, and be caught up once more to her heart, did

we not know that she has given us of her best only that we may spend her rich gifts in service.

We shall make the most of this year of grace that is left us, knowing that only in this way can we show we have caught the import of her whispered message, and will hold it ever in our hearts.

### **"GET OUT OF THE RUT"**

Be dissatisfied! Progress never follows contentment. There is nothing perfect on this earth, but there is nothing that cannot be improved. Most of us realize this. Yet, in spite of the fact that the need is often quite evident, we are all prone to let well enough alone, to let things be, as the vernacular has it. As long as existing conditions do not inconvenience us, we are satisfied with them.

This, it must be admitted, is rather a poor attitude. It is not the attitude of youth. It is the attitude of a small nature, of one grown old before its time. After all, college is the period in our lives when we must get into the habit of discerning where there is a want both in ourselves and in our surroundings. More important than this is the fact that we must realize that we can make improvements, we can better things. Let a spark of this fire get into our souls. With it we can overcome obstacles, we will progress.

The scholastic term 1927-1928 is not far advanced—not too far advanced for us to resolve to strive for perfection. One does not have to search very far to find fields for improvement. St. Joseph's is a comparatively young college. In previous years we have experimented, we have advanced. Let not "contentment with everything" be our slogan now. Rather let us be dissatisfied, let us strive for perfection both in ourselves and in the college of which we are so integral a part.

### **TO THE ALUMNAE**

LORIA of the past owed its success to you. As students you compiled and edited it, and as Alumnae you supported it. LORIA

of the future depends on you for its continued success. One of the purposes of the magazine is to strengthen the bond between the Undergraduates and the Alumnae, to acquaint the "old grads" of the students' activities as well as with each other's progress and success. This purpose is futile if you, as Alumnae, do not take any interest in the magazine, which we feel is for you as much as for ourselves. Unless our efforts in this direction are recognized and appreciated, we are toiling in vain. Keep in touch with your Alma Mater. Let the description of the activities of the College today be a mirror in which you may find reflected the joys of your own college days.

Not only do we want your support by way of subscriptions, but also by way of literary contributions telling us of what you and yours are doing, that we may make it known to your ever-interested classmates.

## AS WE LIKE IT BE STAMP-LIKE



HEN you put a stamp on your next envelope, put the lesson with which you are confronted in your heart. If you expect to have a long life, you will need it. If you expect to have a happy one, it is imperative.

Four years of college, rich with possible attainments, are stretching before the eager, enthusiastic class of Thirty-One. They vision a glorious finish, count as naught annoying obstacles, if indeed they think of them at all (for obstacles are easily surmountable). And rightly so, with the postage stamp's lesson in operation.

Even the earnest Sophomores and the confident Juniors attack their studies with renewed vigor. They too, believe every act to be a hammer stroke in the shaping of their character and the laying of an enduring foundation for success. The future is all bright to them. Which should be so, if they employ the lesson of a mere stamp.

As they near their youthful anticipation, who would deny to the idealistic, yet not impractical Seniors, their hopeful trust in a rosy future? The vital lesson of the humble stamp will carry them through, if they only know!

You may smile quizzically at the important message of a lowly stamp, or you may hold in contempt its significant import, but have at least the sense of a postage stamp. It sticks until it gets there. Think of your life goal and do likewise.

GERTRUDE LOUGHLIN, '28.

## BREAK THAT LINE

Since the beginning of the semester, a baffling problem has been besetting some serious-minded students who seek (in vain, alas!) to solve it. This is the question of breaking through the

crowds which gather in our halls at the end of every hour. The solution seems at hand in the suggestion that a special P. T. course be established to train the students in the best traditions of "Break that line!" We will elucidate on the practical side of the course such as the professor, the plan of study, number of hours and various details.

In considering this course, the choice of instructors would narrow down to either "Red" Grange, the Illinois ice-man, or Knute Rockne, trainer of the famous Four Horsemen. Both of these gentlemen have proved themselves rather proficient in the art of going through a crowd.

The classes would probably meet twice a week, one hour of lecture and theory and one of laboratory and practice. Perhaps an idea of the course may best be gained from the tentative prospectus to be inserted in the catalogue. It would read somewhat as follows:

P. T. 10. Special advanced course in mob technique. Two hours a week, one lecture and one laboratory (held in the De-Kalb Avenue cars at approximately 8:55; experiment to consist of reaching exit in shortest time possible). Outside assignments to be found in a well known underground transportation system.

In conclusion it may be remarked that such a course seems to fill a crying need of the student body in general and of those delinquents in particular who start to class two minutes before the hour.

MARGARET COSGROVE, '30.

### AS WE LIKE IT?

Our editor sits with a frown on her face,  
And glares her worst glare till we feel in disgrace.  
With a note of authority swelling her voice,  
She utters her sentiments (not of *our* choice).  
"Who'd think we'd a magazine due in a week?  
(And the bravest among us durst never to speak)  
"You slumber like mummies and blink not an eye

You bat not a lash though disaster lurks nigh.  
Each department is but a deplorable mess,  
And I haven't an article fit for the press.  
You have laughable "Eds" and your humor is sad,  
Your satire is trite, your ideas are all bad.  
Your grammatical errors are simply ferocious,  
Your length is a bore or so short it's atrocious.  
Your plots are all childish, your style is still worse,  
There isn't a poem you could really call verse.  
A week from today is our publishing date  
And the printer's so slow, it is sure to be late."  
Then she rants and she tears and she snorts and she steams,  
She fumes and contorts, and she stammers and teems.  
She racks and she sums, and she leaps in despair,  
And with fierce clutching fingers she pulls out her hair,  
While we, the poor staff, sit and quiver and quake,  
And in long suffering booties we shiver and shake;  
Oh, for an inventor to build a machine,  
With a crank for concocting a good magazine.  
A mill with an intaking tube and a spout,  
To let talent go in and grind articles out;  
But our editor stamps and in rage does decry,  
Till there's danger from fear we will quite petrify.  
Oh, most gentle reader, before it's too late,  
Won't you write, and save us from this horrible fate?

THE STAFF IN TERROR.

### "SLOGANIZING"

In modern magazines and newspapers, prizes running up into the thousands are offered every day for slogans and pithy sayings. Everything from "Bigger and Better Buttermilk" to "Chew Gum and Grow Thin" adorns the splashy road signs, or is displayed by the two-by-four car ads. To some of us they may seem foolish and a waste of time, but these advertising experts "know their stuff." There is nothing like a slogan, with

plenty of meaning behind it, for getting a thought over. If it works so well in business, why not "sloganize" school life?

Out West the cowboys have a famous saying they use at round-ups or bronco-bustings. When the cattle seems a seething mass of confusion or panic starts them milling in the wrong direction, and when a pony bucks his hardest, a yell of encouragement goes up—"Ride 'em, Cowboy!" and ride them he does. So when your attention starts straying in the opposite direction from school work or when one particular course begins to buck, "Ride 'em, Schoolgirl!" and bring home the exemptions.

ALITA C. LUDDER, '28.

### HAS IT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

Brrr—goes the alarm clock! Out of peaceful dreams you come and once more face the cold realities of another day. You yawn, stretch and peer out of the window and there before you, you see the world, drenched from the still falling rain. With a sigh of disgust you turn back to your pillow for just another snooze. The thought of a nine o'clock class finally brings you to your feet. Dressing as hastily as possible, you at last stand ready to depart, clothed in all that rainy weather necessitates, with breakfast either sadly neglected or playing havoc with your digestion. Two blocks of running in the steady rain brings you to the station. Up the stairs you fly and become one of the many on line waiting to deposit the necessary nickle. The train pulls in and there seems barely time to make it when the man in front hands the woman at the window a dollar bill. All hope vanishes and with forced patience you await the arrival of the next train. You run anxiously from door to door vainly endeavoring to find a space to enter. At last some soul kinder than the rest, taking pity on your wretchedness, seizes you by the shoulder and you find yourself squeezed between hundreds of people and a door. At every station you are cast out as the door opens and then, with the incoming passengers again hurled into that vast maelstrom of nationalities. Finally, you find your-

self miles from the door when your station draws near. You frantically push your way forward and with a plunge like a football player you land on the station, madly rush down the stairs, up the street and finally into College just as the last bell rings. Two steps at a time brings you to class, and you drop exhausted into the nearest seat, hat askance, umbrella missing, raincoat ripped.

Then—just as you breathe a sigh of relief for another morning's journey completed—Brrr—goes the alarm clock and you awake with a start. You have never been up, time has not waited for you, and above all, the trip is still before you.

MILDRED E. DUNN, '28.

### CHEER FOR S. J. C.

A few weeks ago basketball practice was resumed. The first day failed to reveal a single Freshman face. But we must not stop at the Freshmen, for in fact the majority of the girls on the floor were last year's Varsity members and a few of the enthusiastic class team players. Since then more girls have been showing up but there is still plenty of room for improvement in our Greene Avenue gym.

According to the schedule as it stands, the Varsity expects to go it strong this season. Although our efforts of last year were not crowned with much success, we hope that this will not cause any loss of enthusiasm over the coming encounters with the other colleges. Under the able guidance of our coach, Miss Constance Cody, we are tuning up for a repetition of the 1925-1926 season, during which we lost but one game.

And remember, the cheering during a game means a lot to the players, for they are on the floor to do their best for St. Joseph's. And the best in them cannot come out unless they know they have the support of their fellows. You know you can give it. Come with whole-hearted interest to cheer practice and then support every basketball game your Varsity goes out to win during this coming season. MARY J. KELLER, '28.

## THAT CERTAIN FEELING

SENIOR—That small word of six letters—with such great meaning! At last the year of years has come and we return, full of wonderment as to what it will bring.

We are greeted with the usual invitation to use the pews in chapel and the front seats in auditorium where we are distinguished from lower classmen by the dignity of cap and gown.

Classes are resumed; for a time we almost wish we had not attained the heights of our college career for the cares of the world rest heavily upon our shoulders. Truly, in Public Speaking class we feel our responsibility, as with our Ethics lectures for material we set forth to reform the world. In methods courses we foresee many an hour spent in the classroom—but not as audience.

We realize with difficulty that we are standing on top of the ladder and have attained what was once a distant dream. It is our last year and we want to make it our best one. With a sigh we consider the truth of the words, "It all depends on you." The cares of the Senior are many!

MARY J. KANE, '28.

## WHO CARES?

Who cares if you are late and miss your name?

And work not done is lost to you alone.

And if you cut, the class goes on just the same.

Who cares? You should! And if you don't, who cares?

ALITA C. LUDDER, '28.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

**COLLEGE OPENING** The formal opening of the College took place on Friday, September 23. The Mass, celebrated by Rev. William T. Dillon, was attended by the majority of last year's students and by many of the new Freshmen.

At general assembly, the Dean and Doctor Dillon welcomed the student body and extended the wishes of the entire faculty for a successful collegiate year.

**JUNIOR-FRESHMAN LUNCHEON** The traditional Junior luncheon to the Freshmen on the first day of college inaugurated the social season. On Monday, September 26, the Juniors were delighted to act as hostesses to their new sister-class and by the gaiety of that short hour to swing them gracefully into the interclass friendliness which characterizes St. Joseph's. The Freshmen were welcomed by Irene Roth, President of '29. The success of the luncheon was especially due to the efforts of the committee which included the Misses Margaret Wilson, Eleanor Surpless, Dorothy Moran, Catherine Sabbatino and Allene Frisse.

**U. A. RECEPTION** On Thursday, October 13, the class of '31 was formally received into the Undergraduate Association. The new members were welcomed by Miss Helen Allen, President of the Undergraduate Association. The entertainment of the afternoon consisted of humorous sketches presented by the various societies.

Now that the Freshmen are really a part of us, we hope that they will earnestly support all our endeavors for the coming year.

**MERCIER CIRCLE** Once again the Mercier Circle has resumed its interesting meetings. The first one this season was held on Friday evening, October 14, under the direction

of the chairman, Miss Estelle Stawiarski, '27. The work for the initial meeting was presented by the Misses Regina Munz, Helen Livellara and Katherine Keely.

**FIRST U. A.  
MEETING** The first regular meeting of the Undergraduate Association was held on Friday, October 14. Sister De La Salle, faculty advisor of the organization, introduced the officers and told the Freshmen of the student pledge. Miss Helen Allen, president, then conducted the meeting. She spoke of the necessity of the payment of dues. Miss Allen also brought up the subjects of the point system, and Mother's and Daughter's Day. Miss Elinor Woods, '28, was chosen by the U. A. council as chairman of this affair which will take place on Thursday, November 17.

Miss Mary Bird, business manager of LORIA, asked for the support of the students in the Senior's undertaking of the Footprints edition of LORIA.

Announcement of the Hallowe'en Dance was made by the chairman, Miss Marian Packert.

**HALLOWE'EN  
DANCE** There have already been several gay occasions this semester, but the Hallowe'en Dance exceeded them all by far. The Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and the music of Jimmie Breslin's Collegians provided the necessary touches to make the evening of October 28 memorable to a very great number of St. Joseph's Collegians and their friends. It was as bewitching as everything connected with Hallowe'en usually is, and the spirit of the affair was in perfect accord with the season.

We congratulate Miss Marian Packert and her committee on their success in this undertaking.

**DRAMATICS** The Dramatic Club is rehearsing for five short plays, under the direction of the coach, Miss Alice White. As yet no definite date has been fixed for the presenta-

tion, but it is expected to be in the early part of December. The enthusiasm of Miss White and of the players is certainly justified because of the work which the Club accomplished last year. May it continue to merit the praise of everyone.

**THE THANKSGIVING  
DANCE**

The Thanksgiving Dance given for the benefit of the missions is becoming a tradition in the College. Once again, on the night of November 25, the Alumnae room, the Library, and the Philosophy room will be converted into the scene of that really informal dance; one might almost say party. This is our one opportunity of enjoying ourselves and at the same time helping someone else. Miss Agnes Kelly and her committee, who assure us of a perfect evening, expect every Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman in the College to attend.

**THE SENIOR  
PROM**

The days are fast slipping by and before long the night of nights will have arrived. No one but a Senior can experience the real thrill of anticipation of a Senior Promenade, but everyone can look forward to a wonderful supper dance. And just think, the Ipana Troubadours in the main ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton on the night of January 4, 1928! That's the complete picture of this wonderful event which is soon to happen.

If we may judge by the success of '28's Junior Prom, we feel sure that their Senior affair will crown all efforts. The committee, headed by Miss Dorothy Thompson, consists of the Misses Elinor Woods, honorary chairman; Helen Callahan, Myrtle Foster, Marie Kelley, Rhoda Magnor, Margaret McNulty, Marian Packert, Kathryn Giloon and Gabrielle Schlegel.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

At a meeting of the Alumnae in June, the Officers of the Association for the season 1927-1928 were elected. The successful candidates are Miss Dorothy J. Willmann, '23, President; Miss Mary St. John, '24, Vice-President; Miss Caroline Corcoran, '24, Secretary; Miss Gertrude Dilworth, '25, Financial Secretary; Miss Margaret Johnston, '26, Treasurer. LORIA extends its congratulations to each one and wishes success to all of them. Since their installation, meetings of the Official Staff and of the entire Alumnae have been conducted, at which the plans for the year were discussed.

**ALUMNAE DANCE** The first social event of the year will take place on Friday evening, November 18. It is the annual dance of the Alumnae. It will be held this year in the Alumnae Room at the College, which has already proved a charming setting for a small, sociable dance. The Committee, led by Miss Katherine Kilgallen, Chairman, includes Mrs. Ethel Kellam Griebe and the Misses Florence Newman, Mary McGinnis, Sally Todd, Virginia Nathan and Gertrude Berry. We are confident that it will be a delightful affair and we hope that its success will be indicative of all the undertakings of the Alumnae during the year.

**BASKETBALL** The basketball players in the Alumnae welcome all challengers for the coming season. The Commencement Exercises in June added to their numbers a few players to complete a nearly perfect team. The line-up will probably include such illustrious former varsity players as Rita McCaffrey, Cele Dolan, Mary Lynch, Agnes McShane, Kay Kilgallen, Virginia Nathan, Estelle Stawiarski, Angela Donaldson and Alice McGrane. Varsity, beware!

**WEDDINGS** Although we can report only two weddings that took place since our last issue, from the number of engagements announced, we may expect many invitations very soon.

Miss Agnita Duffy, former Alumnae President, became the bride of Dr. Clarence O'Connor last spring. We take this rather late opportunity to wish Dr. and Mrs. O'Connor every happiness possible.

During the early summer, Muriel Simpson, '25, was married to Mr. Charles E. Schott. Mary Camper McGinnis, '25, acted as maid of honor on the happy occasion and Mary's brother, William Lucian McGinnis, was best man. Felicitations to the bride and groom are cordially extended.

The engagement of Miss Catherine Lynch to Mr. Earle Kelly was announced recently.

Agnes Roland and Virginia Fox, both of the Class of 1925, have announced their engagements. The weddings are to take place in the near future.

The first member of '26 to join the ranks of the Alumnae brides will be Miss Helyne Straub, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Everett Hillman.

**IN THE CONVENT** Sister Marie Therese (Rosamund Thompson), is now a professed Sister of St. Joseph. The solemn ceremony took place in August.

Miss Roslyn Weiden recently entered the Order of The Sisters of Charity.

**BIRTHS** Announcements of six new arrivals were received during the summer. To

Mrs. Ethel Sherrie Baxter, a son, Vincent.

Mrs. Ethel Gleason Skinner, a son, Francis Melville.

Mrs. Christine Gibson Dougherty, a son.

Mrs. Agnes Connolly Monahan, a daughter.

Mrs. Ethel Kellam Griebe, a son.

Mrs. Elsa Harper McAvoy, a son.

Only one contribution to the Class of 1944, but five escorts for five lucky promenaders of 1947 or thereabouts.

**ALUMNAE STUDENTS** A love for study must have been deeply rooted in at least a few of the former S. J. C. students, for there are many seeking further knowledge in University courses, ambitious either to add a few more significant letters after their names, or to make themselves eligible for promotion in the teaching profession.

Miss Marion O'Reilly has received her appointment as an Upper Grade Teacher.

Mary St. John and Kathleen Dugan are preparing for the mathematics exam. The fact that Regina Munz and Hortense McGrevey have already succeeded in that subject should act as powerful stimulus.

Mary Huschle is studying at Brooklyn Law School. She is working for the degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence.

Of the Class of 1927, Mary Stack, Louise McGough, Bernadette Dolan and Cecilia Trunz are all attending courses at Columbia University and are prospective applicants for the Master's Degree.

They say that Mary and Genevieve Sheridan had to go all the way to the Vatican to get a passing glimpse of Agnes Hearns and Rosalind Molesphine. Agnes Daly went abroad, too,—just ask her how she liked France. Josephine Weiden was another Alumna who toured Europe during the summer.

## IN MEMORIAM

LORIA extends its sincerest sympathy to Sister Marie Therese and Regina Munz on the death of their fathers. R. I. P.

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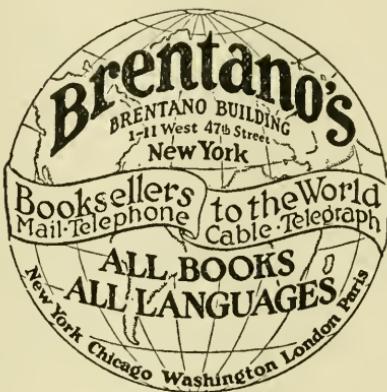
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# LORIA



January, 1928



*Loria*

*St. Joseph's College for Women*

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

# *Loria*

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VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1928.

No. 2.

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# *Loria*

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## PROLOGUE

BEFORE the curtain parts, know this, ye all,  
    We are but puppets of a yearly show.  
The rôles we play, our fathers played last year,  
    Their fathers, likewise, centuries ago.

The self-same hate and love of yesterday  
    We live today; and we pass on, in turn,  
Our gestures to the players still to come.  
    All is old—there's no new rôle to learn.

If in our play you've seen some noble deed,  
    Some strenuous striving for the things sublime,  
Some strong attempt to drop the mask and live—  
    Applaud:—But silence all the other time.

ELINOR PARKS, '29.

## DAWN

T is a December evening, still, cold, with tiny stars, each one like a clear-cut crystal, shining out from the deep blue canopy of the sky. A young woman stands at the window, looking out upon the white-blanketed world, which, but a few hours before, appeared so familiar; now, completely covered with its misty veil, it fairly breathes an air of mystery. She turns—her eyes are sad, nay, even bitter with memories that make her cynical. True, the world is at peace, the housewife moon has kindled her pale fire upon the hearth of heaven, but none of the magic stillness of the wintry night has found its way into her heart.

“The injustice of it all. No, I shall not think of it—yet before my tortured eyes it flits and hovers as if to taunt me with its eternal presence. Ah no, she is not gone, my child, the fulfillment of my dreams, the realization of my ideals.

“There she stands; my little girl, her hair is golden as the morning sun, her eyes are blue as the tranquil lake. Yes, here she is beside me. Her plump hands are tugging at mine. Her eyes, shining clear, are staring at me. Her cheeks are rosy with the imprint which Jack Frost has left upon them.

“We pull the curtains to shut out the black darkness of the night. The room is so cozy, we sit within the mellow light of the crackling fire, my baby and I.

“As she quietly sleeps, I gather together her toy things, one by one—the little ragged teddy bear that she insists upon pulling around with her everywhere, a few French copper coins, a picture book, a rubber ball; the delights of her waking hours. Quietly, as I place them one by one in the tiny cupboard, I dream my dreams of her far-distant future.

“But, ah—it is all so vain, shall I never awaken to the realization that my baby is gone. No more the sound of pattering footsteps, no more the perpetual questions. The tiny cupboard is shut forever, the little bed is taken down, the nursery Mother Goose is gone.

"It is too much! I cannot go on! Why should I be deprived of the one thing I loved in life!"

Dawn is breaking o'er the eastern hills. With a light gesture it touches the brilliant snow with its rosy fingers. At last, it has forced its entrance between the damask hangings, and with an insistent touch, it has wakened the young woman. Her face is stained with recent tears, her features are haggard with the strain of a long, sleepless night. Once again she looks out upon the white-blanketed world; far off she hears the faint chiming of silver bells. At first she listens, unconscious of their message, but at length the spirit of the carol sweeps across her tormented mind. In her heart the echo of the last little bell chimes—Peace. Some day, again, she shall play the same little games, she shall listen to the same stuttering little phrases. She shall feel the sweet innocence of a child's kiss. The sacred stillness and peace of the early morning is hers. She turns—her eyes are still sad, but there is nothing of bitterness left in her soul. Once again, there is Peace and Resignation.

REGINA PEPPARD, '28.

## SPRING HOUSECLEANING



ANGELINA kicked a dainty lace pillow with savage malice and then sat down suddenly in front of her vanity table. Impatiently pulling off her tight-fitting black hat, she flung it across the bed. What did old Dotier mean, anyhow, sending her a bill like this? Certainly, one had to be decently dressed for things. She simply couldn't go to Elinor's tea in the frock she had worn last time. And Mrs. Aldriche's house-party meant all new clothes. And she did need an evening gown. Her last one was already six months out of date. Why couldn't these shop people be sensible? With a cross frown, she glared at the paper—\$550! "Please make prompt payment." Bah! Where could she get all that? She crumpled the paper fiercely in her hand and threw it on the floor. And she wouldn't—no, she wouldn't ask him if it were the last thing she were to do. She'd rather scrub floors first! Oh, what was the use of it all?

With a little cry of anger and disgust, she buried her face in her arms.

A gentle knock on the door made her start.

"May I come in?" asked a sweet voice.

"Yes, Aunt Gertrude, come in." She hastily wiped her eyes and turned a smiling countenance on her visitor. A tall, slender woman, graceful and dignified, entered. Her snow white hair but emphasized the fine dark brows, the kind brown eyes, the firm lips and chin. But the expression more than the features themselves, arrested attention. It glowed with animation, yet a certain quiet calm painted a true outward sign of an extraordinary personality. It was not a merely pretty face—it was a beautiful one, with the beauty that reveals a noble character.

"Angelina," she said affectionately, pretending not to notice the girl's disheveled appearance, "you must go to your father at once. Child," she said more softly when Angelina violently shook her head, "he is ill and calling for you. The car is waiting down-

stairs. "Why—my dear!" But Angelina had torn blindly away and rushed out of the room.

She cried openly and unashamedly in the car. She didn't even care if James heard her. It was a long time since she had cried and no one was going to stop her now. Miserably her mind reviewed the happenings of the past four months. It was just as if a moving picture was being reeled off and she a mere spectator.

The first few months at college (how proudly Dad had kissed her good-bye)—and then meeting "the gang," bridges, teas, dances, theatre parties—No wonder she had flunked out. She had known all along it would come. She couldn't carry on as she was doing and get away with it. But it was strange how she had managed to close her eyes to it.

And then—the quarrel. Oh, what if she couldn't get there in time. An icy terror shook every drop of blood from her heart. If she could only go faster, faster. Why hadn't she fought down that terrible temper of hers, flaring up, of course, when Dad was scolding? She had deserved it. Why hadn't she been woman enough to take her medicine? But no—off the handle right away, prating all the old nonsense about living her own life. And flaunting her defiance, had run from the house, boiling with anger. And Dad—There wasn't anything she wouldn't do now—apologize and come back and show him she hadn't meant it. Faster, faster, why couldn't the car go faster?

Old Parker stood on the steps of the house. But even as she rushed toward him, she knew. A roaring, whirling blackness engulfed her, and silence.

\* \* \* \*

Spring hid herself discreetly behind the skirts of the blustering March winds. But one day, like a child jumping gleefully from its hiding-place, she thrust herself on sight and sound and smell. Angelina was quite conscious of her as she lay quietly in bed. The warm golden sun was streaming through the half opened windows. Two sparrows were noisily chirping on the window sill while their saucy friends were fussing greedily over a

poor worm. Somewhere a robin was venting his cheeriness in full-throated song. Tiny, delicate green leaves were shyly covering the gauntness of the great old oak. A fresh, sharp smell, of earth and air and sky, intoxicated her. A new note rang in the air—a hearty, welcoming note, that gladdened and thrilled her heart. The pain was still there but its dull, heavy throbbing seemed more remote.

And, of course, there was always Aunt Gertrude whose quiet, gracious ways had smoothed a rough path. She was never at a loss about what to say or do. Generous, patient, loving and all else that was good and fine, she presented to Angelina an almost perfect ideal. Compared with her, Angelina just began to realize how selfish and cruel and hot-headed she had been. But all that was past now. She must begin anew to—to (her face lit up as she thought) clean house. That was it—a sort of spring housecleaning. She giggled delightedly. Aunt Gertrude had a beautiful character and that was her home, her mansion. A pure dazzling white outside and speckless furnishings within. But they were nice furnishings—not cold and repellent and stiff but cozy and bright and comfy. And now, her own house, well, she could paint up the outside for the time being. (Again she chuckled.) The inside though would have to be completely done over. She could do it too.

"Were you dreaming, child?" asked sweet, familiar tones.

"No, Aunt Gertrude. I've just started my spring house-cleaning."

MARIE BRENNAN, '29.

## LITTLE THINGS IN A MARRIAGE CEREMONY



VERY daughter of Eve feels that the marriage ceremony is replete with symbolism, but unusual is the bride who knows exactly why the groom places a wedding ring on her finger, and why her father jokingly throws a shoe after her, when it is all over.

The use of the ring as a pledge is of very ancient date. We find in the Bible, Genesis xli. 41, 42, "And Pharao said to Joseph: Behold, I have appointed thee over the whole land of Egypt. And he took his ring from his own hand, and gave it into his hand." Clemens tells us its use in the marriage service began in Egypt and signified a transfer of property. The marriage ring gave to an Egyptian woman the power to issue commands in the name of her husband and made her in every way his representative. In Anglo-Saxon times, the bridegroom gave a pledge or a "wed" at the betrothal ceremony. This wed consisted among other things of a ring which was placed on the right hand and remained there until the marriage ceremony took place. At this time the groom removed the ring and placed it on the left hand. He put it first on the thumb, and then on the first and second fingers, naming the Trinity as he did so. Finally he placed it on the third finger to signify that next to God, her duty was to her husband. The ring, by its very form, is a symbol of eternity and in the marriage ceremony is a pledge before God of the institution of both parties to keep forever the solemn covenant into which they have entered.

The shoe is as ancient and almost as significant as the ring. Paintings on the walls of Thebes display the fact that shoemaking formed a distinct trade in the reign of Thotmes III about 1600 B. C. In the Scriptures, the shoe as well as the ring, plays an important part. In Psalm lix. 9, we find "Into Edom will I stretch my shoe: to me the foreigners are made subject." This was a symbol of new ownership. Later we find St. John saying "The latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to loose," meaning

he was unworthy to be even a slave of the Holy One. From these ancient practices came the old English custom of throwing a shoe after a bride on her departure for her new home, symbolizing that the parents gave up all rights to their daughter. In Anglo-Saxon times, the bride's father delivered her shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it to show his authority. In Turkey, the bridegroom is chased by the wedding guests and stormed with slippers by way of adieu.

The bride of today has indeed much in common with her sister of two thousand, perhaps even four thousand, years ago. The very fact that these seemingly meaningless customs have endured so long shows that the human heart is ever the same.

JEANNETTE FARRELL, '28.

## PHANTASY

THE blue hills, like mirages, faint in the distance,  
The morning caresses with shy, tender fingers,  
And on their far summits, where broods the deep silence,  
The print of her mist-woven sandal still lingers.  
But elusive their beauty—beyond our attaining,  
And their cloud-crested peaks a dreamer's bright story,  
Who hopes to ensnare ere it fade, ere it perish,  
For one fleeting instant, a vision of glory.

ADELE McCABE, '31.

## THE PANAMA CANAL



MONG the works of men, there are many whose stories carry for us not only wonder and awe, but high romance. Among such works are those ancient witnesses of a glorious age, the Pyramids of Egypt. Even now we see them across the sands of time, veiled in mystery and question, the very means of their building uncertain, as dim to us as the far-off kings who ruled under their shadow. And again, there is the Great Wall of China, a stupendous masterpiece of defensive strategy in 500 B. C., even now a barrier which, though ineffectual, still stands as the dark symbol of a lasting isolation.

In modern times such monuments to man's ability as the Eiffel Tower, the Simplon Tunnel and Roosevelt Dam, have all been fashioned out of the very fibre of Romance. But greatest of all the projects of our colorful civilization was that which united the two mightiest oceans and broke the backbone of the Western Hemisphere.

Vasco Nunez de Balboa, when he explored the Isthmus of Panama, did so with the direct intention of finding a passage to the West. He failed in his purpose. It will never be known whose was the mind that first conceived the glorious possibility of a great canal to join the Atlantic with the Pacific. Whoever it was, he accomplished a life-work when he gave to the world this one magnificent idea. In 1550, a Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galvao, brought to the attention of the king of Spain a plan to cut through the Isthmus, but for political reasons the project was suppressed. From that time until 1903, when the United States Senate ratified the Hay-Varilla Treaty it is doubtful if there was one nation in the world which did not look with desirous and furtively hopeful eyes on the Isthmus of Panama. France went far in her designs, so far indeed, as to place full authority in the hands of Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had opened the route to the East with his Suez Canal. But France was not willing to go far enough in trusting her son, and the whole imag-

inative structure of a Panama Canal tumbled down, tangled in miles of government red tape.

In 1898 came the Spanish-American War, and the American people had a taste of the exigencies of war in this hemisphere. Yet envious Europe must have laughed slyly when she saw America—so young, so inexperienced, heeding distant fears and distant hopes, definitely decide to cut a canal,—indeed, I say, Europe must have laughed: to try a thing at which France, hard-headed France, had failed!

In Congress many, many words were tossed heatedly back and forth—earnest thoughts and plans, together with the most sordid political aspirations. But in the end, nothing could hold this nation of youth, and the first step in the greatest engineering feat of history was taken—Colonel George Washington Goethals was sent to Panama.

Under this man, this splendid pioneer, began in 1904 to progress the actuality of a great Panama Canal. Can we guess the number of a pioneer's difficulties? Can we guess at the problems of this man, problems that required the wildest flights of the imagination for their solution? We have an idea of a few of them. Goethals was faced with an undertaking that was unprecedented. There was nothing in all history that he could look to in solving this stupendous problem in engineering. True, canals had been built, but where was the one that had seen these difficulties? A country of most irregular topography, great implacable oceans on either side, fetid marshes which killed men over night, tragic accidents when nature did not go according to an engineer's calculations, instinctively hostile nations, the broiling sun taking its toll of the young American engineers with their dreams and their confidence; all these things, each seemingly unsurmountable, when taken together were simply staggering.

And yet Goethals conquered, and conquered gloriously. Struggling continually with some new problem, and always fighting to keep the ground that had been won, through nine long years, one difficulty after another being met and vanquished. A great river was dammed, thousands of tons of silt were dredged to make a

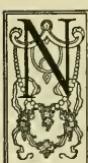
channel, more thousands of tons of concrete were poured, to make that channel permanent. In that marvel of the Canal, the Great Culebra Cut, fifty million pounds of dynamite were used to cut a 300 feet gorge through a mountain of solid rock. Miles of break-water were constructed, barbarously hostile natives were subdued. And greatest of all, the Canal Zone was practically freed of disease by the herculean efforts of Col. W. C. Gorgas, a sanitary engineer of superb ability and enthusiasm. The dank, treacherous swamps were filled, and the most stringent sanitary measures were proclaimed and enforced by Gorgas himself, with the result that yellow fever, malaria, typhoid and dysentery gave up forever their hold on this fecund land.

Men gave their lives, gave them smilingly, that the great Canal might go through. Youth died, hope was withered under that sun, and yet new youth, with new hope, carried on. For nine endless years the life—and death—of battle. Then 1913, and victory. The Atlantic had met and mingled with the Pacific! Youth rested.

Was the Panama Canal fashioned only of stone and steel and concrete? No, a great part of it was made out of men's hearts, out of Romance!

CATHARINE FOURNIER, '30.

## SISTER MADELEVA'S POETRY



OT among the least significant signs of our time is the favorable reception of verse written by a Roman Catholic nun. To Sister Madeleva belongs the distinction of being the first woman in religion to gain the recognition of non-Catholic critics. And Sister Madeleva has made her mark while keeping, as far as subject-matter is concerned, within the sphere tradition allots to the nun.

The romance of Sister Madeleva's position has contributed much to the interest she has inspired. To non-Catholics it seems peculiar for a woman deprived of freedom to sing so beautifully. But the singer has exchanged freedom of the body for liberty of the soul. Her bondage is not of the spirit.

Religious poetry is always more effective, and has a more genuine appeal than any other. Most people rejoice in the thought of the mystical love of God for the soul. Sister Madeleva adds to that appeal by the childlike familiarity she employs with the Deity. Her God is no stern-browed god of vengeance, but a beloved and loving Master. Never does she fear Him, but confides to Him all her soul-processes, be they significant or not.

Her verse has a medieval flavor, probably because of her seeming to live, literally, in God's presence. She seldom uses other than the most simple language, but the import of this language is usually subtle. She employs most frequently a verse-form proper to herself, and remarkably effective for her themes.

Though on the whole the volume "Knights Errant" is rather inferior to "Penelope," the most appealing of her verses is "Autumn" of "Knights Errant." The high heroism of her welcome to death, especially since illness was no stranger to her, demands our sympathy. The lyric beauty of the lines is especially notable.

"For that I dreamed the night long of my lover  
I must be clad today most radiantly.  
Come, earth and air and sky;  
Put all my outworn summer raiment by.

“Gold I will wear  
For all my golden dreams of him and fair;  
And red,  
The burning memory of one beauteous word he said.  
Sky, earth and air,  
Think you my love is come, the importunate lover?  
Quick, fetch me a mist of purple for my hair,  
And for my hand a single snowflake flower  
Sign of my passing hour.  
See how all beautiful I stand  
Waiting—Ah! who could guess,—waiting for Death, my  
lover.”

“Futility” from “Penelope,” seems very human. Unlike most of Sister Madeleva’s verse, it is evidently not addressed to the Deity. It presents so aptly a common psychological experience that its terminology is ideal to suggest the situation.

“I have to dress you in your shroud  
(A crude device, by no means new)  
And look at you who are so proud  
To worms consigned, to ashes bowed,  
To keep my heart from loving you.  
I have to call your faults by roll  
(Who once had sought to find them few)  
To scrutinize your flaws of soul,  
Then memorize and cite the whole  
To keep myself from wanting you.  
And when I painfully have taught  
My mind to scorn you and forget,  
I look upon the thing I’ve wrought  
So futilely. It comes to naught.  
I love you and I want you yet.”

“If You Would Hold Me,” also from “Penelope,” shows Sister Madeleva in one of her prouder moments of Divine inter-

course. Like a free and high-born maiden, she dictates the terms on which she may be won.

"It is so very strange that, loving me,  
You should ensnare the freedom I find sweet,  
Catch in your cunning will my flying feet.  
I will not barter love for liberty;  
You cannot break and tame me utterly,  
For when your conquest is complete  
Shall victory be swallowed in defeat.  
You hold me only when you set me free.  
Because my straight, wild ways are in your power,  
Do not believe that I surrender them,  
Untrammeled love is all I have to give.  
If you would keep it, do not pluck the flower;  
Leave it, I beg, unbroken on its stem,  
Wild with the wind and weather. Let it live!"

"The King's Secret" is perhaps the most mystical poem Sister Madeleva has published. Its theme is the mystic wooing by Christ, the lover, of the shy maiden-soul. In this, the author's personality stands out sharply.

Speaking of the body, the soul's companion in happiness, she says:

"For she has a lover—the child—to think of it only  
At first will affright her; will leave her all wistful and lovely  
and lonely."

Then the Lover is invited into the soul's house :

"O come now!  
For that she is wild she wishes you to woo her,  
Though somehow,  
Though she is a child, she would that You pursue her.  
Still come, Sweet;

Into Your arms' wide peace, passionate and tender,  
Will come, fleet,  
Brave, Your little love, in exquisite surrender."

The quiet intimacy of the body's response is characteristic—

"O blessed nothingness, whence I am able  
To furnish forth my Love this little room;  
A little bed, a little chair, a table,  
A candle's halo in the shining gloom."

Then the Lover takes possession and :

"Now is my garden ravaged utterly;  
Let be!  
Winter is over and gone, a few birds sing  
Within your heart, and in my arms is spring."

The soul rejoices in this union;

"I am a child to sudden woman grown  
Who never yet has known  
Invasion so imperious, so complete,  
Blindly and madly sweet.

"O God, encompass me!  
Be infinitely mine to hold, to bound me;  
Absorb, consume, encompass and compound me;  
Be in me and beneath me and above me!  
O Father, love me, love me!  
Tremendously be,  
Strong God, my sea."

There is a force and directness in this nun's verse that shows extraordinary power. This power, and the sheer beauty of her lyricism, give her a place among the poets of the first order. The

popularity of her verse marks the well established return of adequate appreciation of religious mysticism in poetry. The recognition she has gained is a triumph for spirituality in this age which is somewhat hastily called materialistic.

MARGARET McNULTY, '28.

### DAWN IN THE CITY

THE city stirs, and all its star-crowned spires  
Resolve, into forms tangible and real,  
Out from the misty darkness, and its staring windows  
Are blazoned with the old dawn's thousand fires.

Something with groping hands has tried the door,  
Knocked faintly, once or twice, and then passed on,  
Fleeing the advancing, burnished spears of day, and now  
The ghost of memory shall knock no more.

ADELE McCABE, '31.

## A WORD FOR THE BRASS TACK

*"Of all the arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."*



WRITING, like life itself, is a combination of realism and idealism. Ideals ascend to Olympic heights and are most alluring among the nether regions of cloudland, but for their attainment reality transcends itself through the mists—reality, cold, base, mechanical, but ever necessary in order to

“Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long.”

In the realm of amateur publication, important for its faculty of frequent recurrence, stands the type of opus called “theme” when written as an assignment in an English course, prosaic “article” if proffered to our editor, but in our heart of hearts graced with the title “essay.”

“I am tying up all my love in this  
With all its hopes and fears.”

The popularity of this particular variety in collegiate circles may be partly accounted for (aside from its intrinsic worthiness) by the fact that it is so often capable of performing a double office—fulfilling the requirements of class work and serving as a contribution to our magazine.

That the science of article writing is highly developed is appreciated by those familiar with the art and soon learned by those turning their footsteps in this direction for the first time. Outstanding in importance, the foremost, the most essential of essentials is inspiration. It

“soars above the rest  
In joy of voice and pinion.”

Sans inspiration the would-be writer may gnash his teeth while his literary genius struggles vainly, inhibited for lack of a subject in which to express itself. The search for inspiration should be as extensive as possible, leisurely, and always picturesque.

“Ever let the fancy roam  
Pleasure never is at home.”

No actual thinking should be done until the eve of the final date of acceptance,

“But to act that each tomorrow  
Finds us farther than today,”

and if there exists the slightest chance of an extension of time further opportunity should be offered for the writer to become accustomed to the presence of thought within his own mind before he commences to crystallize it upon paper for the benefit of others.

The theme elucidating upon the virtues of some predecessor in the literary world is always fitting and may be particularly welcome if time is short and other inspiration not forthcoming.

The title for such a *pièce de résistance* should be primarily expressive and preferably the name of the chosen author should be therein. It should be simple—the name coupled with birthplace or other significant fact as “John Doe—Bard of Drury Lane” may be sufficient. Most effective is the title which literally suggests itself, “Richard Roe—Singer of Songs,” “Henry Hoe—Teller of Tales.” Thus the same principle might be applied where the subject is an artist of another field “William Woe—Painter of Pictures.”

The opening quotation ranks high in importance in the serious business of theme writing. The impossibility, to say nothing of the improbability, of writing an article unprefaced by a poetic quotation is evident. (This perhaps accounts for the two lines at the commencement of this essay which may hitherto have seemed irrelevant.)

If the writer has determined to immortalize some poet in print and has duly let

“sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy’s child  
Warble his native wood notes wild,”

his first paragraph should be devoted to affirming that in the quoted lines the spirit of the poet is embodied. From thence thought follows thought and the composition evolves rapidly. Quotations should be plentifully sprinkled between the thoughts. The value of illustrative quotations cannot be overestimated. Not only do they express the ideas of the poet much more clearly than can the writer, and serve to put the reader in the aesthetic frame of mind conducive to appreciation of the intervening prose gems, but they perform the additional service of filling space. By this method a discouragingly slim amount of material can often be miraculously elongated to three respectable pages of print. The conclusion should of course be in the words of the poet with the preliminary explanation that herein is embodied his spirit. This need not be paradoxical with the introduction since the spirit of the poet is necessarily embodied or at least reflected in the greater part of his words.

The poetic quotation can play an equally important rôle in the non-eulogistic essay, the essay of original subject matter. That they be outstandingly applicable is of slight import. The chief objective is that they be quotations, poetical—and prolific. It is never difficult for the writer to make his observations apply to excerpts of verse. Where random lines are inserted it is not advisable to name the author. The writer will appreciate the sane-ness of adopting this plan verbatim when apt lines suggest themselves without subsequent recalling of their source. Moreover the intellectual status of the scribe will be greatly enhanced if he assumes his quotation to be universally familiar. The reader cannot help feeling admiration for one from off whose tongue (or pen) bits of poetry roll so trippingly with the attitude that all are well acquainted with verse and poet and that to name

either would be superfluous. If the choice pieces chance to be obscure ones, the effect is even heightened. Minor improvements may without difficulty be made upon the originals if no names are specified. Specifications are like melodies:

“When heard they are sweet  
But those unheard are sweeter.”

We may be induced to feel something closely akin to reverence for the lowly brass tack when we attempt to realize the magnitude of his rôle. Even within the precincts of literature, the budding genius is forced to turn to the brass tack for assistance, to accept the aid of practicability, cold, scientific, unemotional, before he can produce his masterpiece.

Brass tacks—

“Such stuff as dreams are made on.”

MARJORIE M. MURPHY, '29.

## THE CASSIDYS MOVE TO ENGLEWOOD

HE dimly lit, sparsely furnished living room of the Cassidy's third story, rear flat was assuming fairylike splendor. Cleverly decorated by Mrs. Cassidy and her eldest child, Mary, the fragrant Christmas tree stood resplendent with its tawdry, tinsel ornaments. Papier-maché bells hung where any convenient projection offered itself; red and green streamers were draped artistically from the center light to the corners and sides of the room. The bare electric light bulb, now covered with red crêpe paper, cloaked the room with a magic glow, robbing the old furniture of its battered look.

"Mary, dear," said Mrs. Cassidy, "get up on the ladder and put this silver star on the very top branch. Be careful, child. I'll steady the ladder."

"Does that look all right, Ma?"

"That's fine. Watch yourself getting down. There. Now that's done. What next? I'll go out in the kitchen and see what can be done there. It's about time your father came in, isn't it?"

"Oh, he'll be in soon now, Ma. It's have past eleven already."

"What! Half past eleven! And me thinking it was about ten o'clock. John should have been in an hour ago. I wonder what's keeping him so late."

"He probably went to confession or stopped to buy something for Ann or Tom—or something like that."

"I guess so. Well, you finish filling those stockings. Be sure they have no holes in them. I'll make the dressing for the turkey and have that ready for the morning. There is so much to do yet."

Believing or trying to make herself believe that John would get home any minute, Mrs. Cassidy busied herself grating a stale loaf of bread for the dressing. She was so happy. This year it lay in her meager power to fulfill the childish dreams of Jack, for a skooter-bike; Ann, for a doll "that says 'Mama' and goes to sleep"; and Tom, for a toy automobile.

Since John's promotion to foreman at the factory, things had

been going very smoothly for the Cassidys. This would be the first real Christmas they had all had together—such a Christmas as Mrs. Cassidy recalled from her childhood. Yet while contemplating these things, she could not explain the feeling she had of some impending misfortune. Mrs. Cassidy was a great one for having premonitions and meaningful dreams. She had a strong premonition now, an inexplicable feeling that something out of the ordinary was going to happen. When such a foreboding was accompanied by an unusual dream, she awaited uneasily for the unhappy event. And only last night she had dreamed that they had moved to Englewood to her sister's home. It was rather hazy—her remembrance of it. How could they possibly move out there, so far from John's factory? Was he going to lose his job? Is that what the dream meant? She could not tell, but was certain it held great significance—it must be a warning.

Her mind preoccupied, Mrs. Cassidy shook pepper and salt into the dressing at least a dozen times. The ringing of the door bell brought her back with a jolt from her pessimistic thoughts. Again it rang. "Why had not Mary answered it?" she thought. Passing through the living room to open the door herself, Mrs. Cassidy saw Mary huddled on the couch fast asleep. Poor child!

\* \* \* \*

Christmas Day dawned cold and clear. At five-thirty, after a few hours rest, not sleep, Mrs. Cassidy quietly stole out to Mass. Everything was very peaceful at that early hour. Mass seemed much more sacred with the few pious attendants in the huge, dark nave of St. Gabriel's, the altar alone being brilliant with lights. It was easy to find peace and consolation—to find God in this holy atmosphere.

Mass being over, Mrs. Cassidy walked slowly home after extending hearty Christmas greetings to her neighbors and friends outside the church. She wakened the children. Mary took Jack and Ann to Mass. Tom, being but four years old, remained at home with his mother, excitedly waiting for the others to return. They were not permitted to see what Santa had left

until after Mass. John had always insisted on that, although Mrs. Cassidy herself had never agreed with his reasoning on the point.

After breakfast, Mrs. Cassidy went into the living room with the children to rejoice with them over the remarkable generosity of old Santa. With a lump in her throat, she accepted and enthused over four poor little gifts, a hand embroidered centerpiece from Mary, a needle book from Jack, a pincushion which she had made all herself from Ann—her fingers were still sore from the needle pricks—and from Tom, a grimy holy picture that Ann's teacher had given him the day he went to school for the Christmas play. Leaving the children to revel in their newly acquired toys, Mrs. Cassidy retired to the kitchen to prepare the dinner.

"Where's Daddy, Ma?" said Mary, who had followed her out to the kitchen. "Isn't he up yet?"

"No, dear. Daddy won't be home today. He's busy. It's a pity, too, on Christmas Day."

At this point, Mrs. Cassidy decided to peel some onions—it would provide a good alibi if Mary caught a stray tear rolling down her careworn cheek. Mary helped her mother and began to laugh when she could no longer restrain the tears. Onions were powerful things, she thought, to produce such an effect—even on her mother who never really cried.

The day passed rapidly for the children, not quite so swiftly for Mrs. Cassidy, though it had not dragged as she had expected. At seven-thirty, the children, weary from the day's excitement, were tucked into bed, each clinging to some toy particularly treasured. Mrs. Cassidy, tired, but unable to sleep, sat resting in a rocker by the window. Mary was amusedly looking over the spoils of the day. Nor had Santa forgotten her. She was now the proud possessor of a ring with a real stone in it. It had been her mother's, a gift from John.

"Mary, I think you'd better go to bed, too, dear. The day has been a great strain on you and you're tired out. A good sleep is the best remedy for that."

"All right, Mother. Good night and thank you for this ring.

I know how you loved it and I shall always treasure it because it was yours. It's much nicer than a store one."

"I'm so glad it pleases you. Good night and God bless you."

\* \* \* \*

The day after Christmas. Days following some special feast or holiday have a peculiar effect on many people. A sort of blue feeling comes over them, a reaction to the anticipation and excitement of the previous day. This post-holiday atmosphere hung heavily over the Cassidy household. Christmas was but a memory. Even little Tom noticed the change, as his mother solemnly bundled him up to go out. They were all going out together. Before starting, she explained that they were going to see Daddy out in St. Mary's Hospital. He had been in an accident, but would be well in a few days and would come home to them.

Late Christmas Eve, Mr. Dowd, who worked at the factory with John, came to tell Mrs. Cassidy of her husband's misfortune. She went immediately to him and found him lying pale and still on the low, white hospital cot. She could not speak for the moment. Then, with the tears came her voice:

"John, dear, how did it happen?"

"Oh, it wasn't much, Mary. A new man came on at the factory today and I was showing him how to use the machine, when someone turned on the power and my arm got caught. It's cut up a bit, that's all."

"Oh, John! And does it pain you much? What have the doctors done for it?"

"They fixed it up fine, but I have to hold it down straight by my side. It's all bound up."

"And tomorrow's Christmas—no, today. It's almost one o'clock."

"You'd better go home Mary. I'll be all right. Don't tell the children what happened till after tomorrow. I won't have my little accident spoil the wonderful Christmas we've planned for them. Remember, not a word! Tell them I'm busy. And I will be busy—thinking of them."

"John, it will be hard, but if you wish it, I will do it. It can't be any greater hardship for me than for you lying here alone all day."

"Good-bye, Mary. Bring the children in tomorrow. Merry Christmas and don't worry about me. I'll be fine in a few days."

"Good-bye, John dear. I'll be thinking and praying for you all day. If Mr. Dowd comes to see you today, as he said he would, tell him to drop in and let me know how you are. Good-bye."

And so she left, heroically carried out John's wishes and returned with the children to see their Daddy. John's optimism about his condition had completely deceived her on her first visit. Today she could not be deceived. He lay motionless on his cot too weak to speak as he gently patted each child's cheek. They did not stay long. It was too painful and distressing for both the patient and the visitors. No, Mrs. Cassidy was not deceived today.

\* \* \* \*

The Cassidys moved to Englewood to Mrs. Cassidy's sister's home. It mattered little that they were so far from John's factory.

EILEEN JANE McLOUGLIN, '28.

## THE OLD MAID IN AMERICAN LITERATURE



HERE is a once familiar type of American womanhood that changing conditions of life are slowly but surely extinguishing. Indeed, in this year of Our Lord, 1928, it is difficult to find anyone who really exemplifies her.

The opening of the business world to women has destroyed the dependence of girls on the "stronger" sex. It has now become necessary to turn to the field of literature for an understanding of the "Old Maid" and even here our knowledge is hindered by the incompatible differences in the various author's conceptions of her. She plays an important part in several prose and verse compositions but it is only necessary to compare the maiden aunts of Whittier in "Snow Bound," Holmes in "My Aunt" and Hawthorne in the character of Hepzibah, mistress of "The House of the Seven Gables" to see graphically the discrepancies among them.

To Whittier she is a "dear aunt," unselfish, noble, kind, who never fails to bring an atmosphere of domestic peace and happiness. She typifies for him all the homelier virtues, remaining in his memory through the years as an ideal character, full of strength and wisdom. She is, for him, one to be loved, honored and deeply respected. He says of her:

"Before her still a cloud-land lay  
The mirage loomed across her way.  
The morning dew that dries so soon  
With others, glistened at her noon.

And he ends with the tribute:

"Be shame to him of woman born  
Who hath for such but thought of scorn."

Contrast these lines of admiration with the derogatory verse of Holmes who calls her,

“My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!  
Her hair is almost gray;  
Why will she train the winter curl,  
In such a string-like way?”

Here, surely, is a contrast too great to be reconciled. Clearly the poet is poking fun at the woman who was so unfortunate and unattractive as to miss that “most necessary” life partner. The picture conveyed by Holmes is of an older woman who still considers herself in the early years of girlhood, in whom there is little to love, honor or admire. It is, without a doubt, the direct antithesis of Whittier’s idea and the question arises, “Where is the true conception.” Is it the mean between the two; is it one, or the other?

To Holmes she is simply

“ . . . one sad, ungathered rose,  
On my ancestral tree.”

The tone is mildly satirical with a certain sense of scorn. To him it is impossible to imagine her as ever having been youthful, inconceivable that she ever lived a girlhood through.

With these two conceptions of “The New England Old Maid” in mind, it is interesting to turn to Hawthorne. Of course, his is a more detailed character sketch set against a background of expository data and we note, therefore, a more complete picture of the type. In Hepzibah we see little of Holmes’ idea. She certainly does not endeavor to appear young and lovely, but we do, perhaps, note a little regret that she was not married. Neither, is she the ideal woman of “Snow Bound.” With her there does not go a

“womanly atmosphere of home.”

We see in "House of the Seven Gables" another characterization of this same type with almost as great disparity as between either of the others. She appears timid and self-conscious. Her nephews would scarcely have admired her but neither would they have poked fun at her. In all probability she would be considered by them as rather an unfortunate but useful aunt.

Hepzibah Pinchot is by far the dearest to readers in American Literature, and I am inclined to think, the nearest to the true conception. Certainly she seems a very real, and withal a very sincere and admirable character.

So in American prose we see preserved this fast disappearing type of the "Old Maid" of the nineteenth century. We must give merited praise to the poets and fiction writers who have drawn her for us. For where in the pages of real history can we find a description of her?

She whom

"... Fate  
Perverse denied a household mate,  
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less  
Found peace in love's unselfishness."

DOROTHY GLEDHILL BIRD, '30.

## THE DEATH HOWL

"OE, git up thar, you lazy critter!"

 In one corner of the room a mess of dirty blankets heaved upward as a dark, dull-faced youth blinked at the strong morning light. His first glance around the one-roomed mountain cabin showed it to be empty. He grunted and yawned his way to a sitting position and had just swung his stockinginged feet over the bunk edge when his father, Caleb Hazen, entered. The squat old man carried a pile of kindlings to the stove and busied himself with breakfast while Joe tugged on his high-boots still stiff with the night's moisture. By the time he had finished, the bacon and coffee were waiting on the table.

"Joe," Caleb asked gruffly as soon as they were seated at the table, "what time did you git back to home last night?"

"I don't know." The boy shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

The father's lip stiffened at the reply, "I'll learn ye manners as to answer me like that. You was down to that dirty Preston tribe after me telling you not to."

Caleb stormed on while Joe in his listless manner kept on eating as if nothing was being said. "The next time you walk down there you needn't walk back, I'm telling you, and a Hazen ain't never broke his word, no less gad around with bums." He pushed his chair out briskly and strode from the room.

Joe chewed on, one elbow on the table, supporting his head, and his eyes drooped with sleep.

"Come out here, you lazy hog! Jest 'cause you didn't git to bed las' night you ain't a going to loaf today."

Joe shuffled to the door where his father stood waiting. Each picked up his ax and ropes necessary for cutting trees and started for the forest, the father in advance. A few steps down the path, Caleb Hazen turned abruptly to his son, "Git that thar big

buck saw. "We're going to cut the White Pine today." It would be one of the most difficult trees to cut and Caleb decided to attempt it this day when it would be a sore task to his already tired son and thus give him opportunity for more chiding.

When Joe reappeared through the doorway he carried not only the huge double saw, but also his rifle.

"What's that fer?" the father asked when he fell in behind him again.

"Guess I can carry my gun if I want," Joe sneered back. The boy really planned to shoot a few rabbits that might cross his path, but in his stubborn mood he defied his father.

With this unpleasant tension between them they toiled all the morning, trimming the top branches off the trees they had felled the day before. Curt commands and responsive grunts were all that passed between them. At noon they ate and rested in silence and then went back to finish the few remaining trees. About three in the afternoon the last tree was cleaned of branches and they gathered up their tools and started up the mountain for the Giant White Pine.

It had probably been the lorded monarch of all it surveyed long before man had come to that region. Its very branches were the size of other ordinary trees.

Caleb studied the pine a few moments and then walked around it carefully a number of times to determine the best way to cut it so that the tree would fall in the right direction. Joe rested sleepily on his gun and watched.

"Joe, git up thar and trim them big branches off." Joe hated this work and sulked about it. It was hard to sit way up there and stretch out in awkward positions to cut the limbs. He began on the lowest and sawed until he thought his arm would break. When this one fell he climbed up to the next limb. He cut the second and then the third, thus climbing higher and higher into the tree.

Caleb on the ground had cleared away the underbrush to give them freedom in their work. It was the easier task and he finished first.

"Stop your loafing up thar," he goaded, tired of waiting, "and come on down."

Joe in the midst of a knot on the branch jerked out his saw and slid down the tree, leaving one huge branch on the tree. Caleb glanced up to see how the work had been done, but the interlocking of the near-by branches prevented him from seeing the unfinished work. Thinking that everything was all right he started on the trunk of the White Pine.

A few blows with an axe and the tree began its last fight for existence. Into the dents the buck saw was placed and with Caleb and Joe each on an end the struggle began. Two bodies swayed rhythmically to the dull grinding of the teeth in the wood. Back and forth the saw hummed for about an hour until it had reached practically two-thirds of the distance across.

Caleb's breath came in hard short jerks and his forehead dripped with sweat, yet to rest himself would also rest Joe and he was determined to make the boy ask for mercy. Joe held on grimly, gritted his teeth, and swayed automatically. He was too stubborn to ask for rest. So both toiled furiously, almost past the point of human endurance. The tree began to groan under its shifting weight and this deadened the sound of their panting. Back and forth buzzed the saw and neither glanced from his work. Backward and forward they bent and neither knew how near the saw was to the end.

When there remained but a foot more the tree shuddered and started to fall. The saw was dropped. "Run Joe, run," Caleb shouted, and seeing Joe start, turned in the opposite direction. A few feet and then he sprawled to the ground, tripped by a hidden stump. He lay in the path of the descending branch which caught him across the thighs and mashed him to the ground.

Joe peered from behind a tree and on seeing the catastrophe jumped to his father's side. "Pop, Pop!" he cried and shook the unconscious figure. Caleb merely shuddered and groaned. "Pop, Pop," Joe whispered panic-stricken.

"I was meaning to cut it, I didn't mean no harm to you." He sat there, his face huddled in his hands, and sobbed.

Caleb opened his eyes and tossed his head from side to side, racked by the terrific pain in his legs. "Guess I've got it bad," he panted, "no legs, Oh God!" and he ended in a wailing crescendo.

Then in the reflected rays of the setting sun his gaze rested on an object. The gun was a few feet from him. He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes for a few moments. Then he turned to the sobbing boy, "Joe—run—Prescott's!"

Joe sprang up, "I'll fetch 'em. I'll fetch 'em. I'll run so quick w'll be back afore an hour," and he darted off through the woods.

"Don't hurry. I'll be here when you git back," Caleb called to the boy. Then he edged nearer to the object close by him in the grass.

Joe staggered on in the pitch night over the rough mountain trail half way to the Prescotts.

Suddenly from off the distant hills came the clear, sharp report of a gun, and Joe as he heard it shuddered and fell exhausted.

ALITA LUDDER, '28.

## ONE CHARACTER IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

ICTURE a man, tall, bearing himself proudly, with great arching brows, shading dark, deep-set, fiery eyes, with firmly moulded mouth and massive jaw covered, but not concealed by a rugged beard. This was Fernando De Magallanes, gallant navigator and Portuguese gentleman, upon whom might have been bestowed, if fate had not ordained otherwise, the noblest crest sovereign ever gave subject, a terrestrial globe girdled with the motto, "*Primus circumdedeste me.*"

His was a nature of strength, of potential capacity, of determination to carry through a purpose, against all odds. Yet therein was nothing cruel, nothing ruthless. "Our mirror, our light, our comforter, our true guide," was the epitaph a follower gave him. He is an unsung hero; he is one of that vast throng who have left their indelible marks upon the world only to be relegated to oblivion by all save a few students interested in the particular field of their endeavor.

Yet what material for a novel or a biography is in his life. More and more writers are finding inspiration—and it may be added, profit—in characters out of the story of the past. Witness the numbers of historical biographies that have been written in late years, the numbers of historical novels that are ranked with the best sellers. An author may yet bring this life of enterprise to the reading public. Who undertakes to relate this story will find a wreath of material, a host of interesting details all centered about a great purpose.

It is a task that will require a ready pen and a soaring heart, this, the tale of an existence that was consummated in perhaps the most romantic voyage the world has ever known. Difficulties that might well have daunted the keenest mind and conquered the stoutest heart only spurred this intrepid man to deeds that were almost superhuman.

Ferdinand Magellan came of noble stock, of blood as blue and

family as old as any in the Iberian peninsula. He was born about 1480 in the mountain fastnesses of Salrosa, one of the wildest and most rugged crannies of the Fras-os-montes. His background is a fitting one—the inhabitants of that province have long been distinguished for their resolute and sturdy nature, akin to the Highland Scots. From these lonely mountains there never came forth a braver or more faithful man than Ferdinand Magellan.

Of his early years little is known except that as a youth he was sent to Lisbon to be brought up in the royal household. A better school could not have been found for the impressionable boy who was to become the seaman of his century. From the time of Prince Henry, the court of Portugal had been the sponsor of scientific navigation. With the salt air of the Atlantic, Magellan must have breathed in the art of seamanship. In 1505 he volunteered for service in the Armada commanded by the brilliant Almeida, the first Portuguese viceroy to India. The theories gained from association with ships and the seaport now were substantiated by seven years of navigating over glamorous East Indian waters. His spirit was tried in sailing over strange seas, by wild fights with Malays and Arabs. He was on the first European ships to venture beyond Ceylon, in the expedition of Sequeiva to Malacca.

On this voyage was one Francesco Serrano from whose intercourse with Magellan there sprang the seed of a dream which resulted in the circumnavigation of the world. It is related that on one occasion the lives of Sequeiva and Serrano were saved only through the desperate fury which Magellan gave back battle to some Malay attackers. This was the beginning of a devoted friendship between Magellan and Serrano.

After Malacca had been captured in 1511, Serrano commanded one of the ships that made the first voyage to the Moluccas. He was wrecked returning westward, and as a result he established himself on one of these islands as an ally of the king. There he remained for the rest of his life. Magellan, stirred by letters from his friend, depicting the islands of the east, longed

to follow him to this "new world." This desire was strangely affected by circumstance. Magellan knew of the great ocean separating the Malay states and the Mundus Novus, although he had little conception of its size. Yet from this he conceived his colossal plan for circumnavigating the globe instead of sailing eastward. Somewhere along the coast of Mundus Novus, explored by Columbus and Penzon, by de Lepe and Vespucci, there must be a passage through which he might sail westward to his friend Serrano in the Moluccas.

Such a strait, connecting the Atlantic with an ocean west of the new world, had been reproduced upon Schoner's maps of 1515 and 1520. Whether anyone had discovered the passage before is doubted. Some navigator may have come upon it, or more likely the mouth of La Plata may have been reported as the opening of a strait. But no one had threaded its labyrinthian ways before Magellan; no one had proved that it was a practical passage.

Magellan first submitted his plans for reaching the new lands to his king. Emmanuel was content with the papal bulls and the treaties which protected his territories. He did not have much confidence in the proposal of Magellan, the navigator. The glory was thus lost to the Portuguese.

To anyone who has his heart bound up in a dream, one refusal is as nought. For it, Magellan sacrificed his allegiance to the country of his birth and sought service, as the Genoese had before him, of the neighboring king. Arrived at Seville in October, 1517, he was received into the home of Diego Barbosa, a Portuguese gentleman who had long resided in Spain. Of his stay here little is known save the fact that before Christmas he had married his host's daughter, Beatrez, and, accompanied by her, he sought the approval of the court. The boy king, Charles V, favored the Portuguese. It was decided to outfit an expedition. In September, 1519, Magellan left Beatrez and her little son, Rodrigo, and with a fleet of five small ships cleared the mouth of the Guadaluquer and moved out to sea.

The ships were old, the crews motley, the captains nigh mutinous, the Portuguese fleets had orders to intercept the squadron.

But Magellan feared not and was determined to carry out his appointed task.

We are indebted to the journal of Chevalier Pigafetta for our knowledge of the voyage—how first, they were becalmed, then, harassed by furious winds over the seas. Exterior troubles were not enough, but mutiny bred; the crew whispered that this Portuguese was not loyal to his new master. The hardships of the voyage, the fierce cold and the shortness of the rations, demanded their return. But their complaints fell upon ears that would not hear. Hardships were to be scorned, dangers laughed at, in the opinion of their leader. Their purpose was to reach a strait and that they must do. These arguments were sufficient while every hand was fighting against the relentless fury of sea and sky; but when the rigors of the Antarctic forced them into winter quarters at Port St. Julian, inactivity brought discontent to a seething point. Three of the five ships fell into the hands of the mutineers; defiance seemed established. Little did they know with what manner of man they treated. Venturing all in one bold stroke, Magellan suppressed the mutiny.

With the first signs of the southern spring the ships resumed their way. Again they were delayed by storms. It was not until October, on St. Ursula's day, that the Armada reached the headland still known as Cape Virgins. Clearing it, they entered a broad bay. It was, as Pigafetta relates, "the straught now called the straught of Magellanees, being in some places one hundred and ten leagues in length; in breadth somewheres very large and in other places little more than half a league in breadth." On both sides of the strait are great and rugged mountains covered with snow, beyond which is the entrance into the sea of seas. The little fleet took five weeks to thread its devious channels, passing through them fearsomely, oppressed by frowning mountains and barren cliffs, unknowing what mysterious terror the next league might present. It was a journey that tried even Magellan's heart of "triple bronze." Reconnaissances reported the water deep and salt, establishing the fact that a strait had been found. Although rations were low, Magellan still pushed forward. At last the

cliffs receded and a broad expanse of placid water lay before them. Pigafetta says that "when the capetayne Magalianes was past the strayght and saw the way open to the other maine sea, he was so gladde thereof that for joy the tears fell from his eyes, and named the poynt of lande from whence he first sawe that sea Cape Desiderato," that is, as a thing long desired. This broad ocean was in such relief to the stormy seas through which they had passed, that he called it "Mare Pacificum."

Magellan now struck out boldly to the northwest, through the pleasant sea, little dreaming that he had embarked on the waters which cover nearly half the globe. Once again a Sea of Darkness, albeit a smiling one, must needs be crossed. It was crossed, but with innumerable hardships. "Theyre fresh water was also putrefied and became yellow. They dyde eate skynnes and pieces of leather which were foulded about certeyne great ropes of the shypes." At last the inhabited islands of Australasia were reached by the remnants of the stricken crew, and on the sixteenth of March they arrived at the Philippines. Now they were aware of the greatness of their triumph. The unknown portion of the world had been circumnavigated—the rest of the way lay through chartered seas.

Magellan was the typical explorer of his times, half missioner, half mystic. He tarried in these islands, bringing to their inhabitants his knowledge of the true faith, but with fatal results. In the hour of victory, the conqueror perished, in true crusader fashion, in a contest with the enemies of the natives to whom he had attempted to bring Christianity. But a single ship survived the perils of the globe. Appropriately the "Victoria" continued westward across the Indian Ocean, rounded the Cape of Good Hope and reached Lisbon with a crew of eighteen "ghostlike men," in September, 1522.

This voyage is doubtless the greatest feat of navigation of all times. As Fiske says, "when we consider the frailness of the ships, the immeasurable extent of the unknown, the mutinies that were prevented or quelled, and the hardships that were endured, we can have no hesitation in speaking of Magellan as the prince

of navigators. Nor can we ever fail to admire the simplicity and purity of that devoted life in which there is nothing that seeks to be hidden or explained away."

It would have been particularly fitting if the noblest escutcheon ever bestowed by a sovereign—the terrestrial globe girdled with the motto, "*Primus circumdedisti me*"—might have been given to the little son of the hero. But another than Rodrigo was to be so honored, for before the "Victoria's" return, the child was dead. Shortly afterwards his mother, the gentle and brave Beatrez, having heard of the fate of her husband, "grievedously sorrowing," died.

Such a story could not fail to stir even the most crass heart. It is a tale of a brave soul and a noble one, a tale that stirs and thrills and lifts the heart. It is the epic of a man whose name does not connote the glory that it ought, of an unsung hero who awaits an author. May the writer soon come who will spread the fame of Magellan as wide as the seas he so valiantly conquered!

MARY M. BIRD, '28.

## PANTALOON TO COLUMBINE

YOUR heart can know the song of April rain,  
Of wind that breathes a tune on meadow grass,  
Of rustling poplars down a moonlit lane,  
The song sun sifted waterfalls repeat;  
Your heart can understand a thousand songs  
Of youth and love that go on dancing feet.

My heart can know the song of lonely tide  
That moans against a death-still, ice-locked shore,  
Of beating waves no silvered sea birds ride,  
The chant of hilltop pines the night wind wakes;  
My heart can understand a thousand songs  
Your heart will never know—until it breaks.

M. M. M., '29.

# Loria

"LITTERÆ OBLECTAMEN REMANEANT IN AETERNUM"

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## EDITORIALS

### NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT

HE old year is gone; gone with all its motley burden of discarded dreams and hidden hopes, of unforeseen joys and hapless misfortunes, of defeated causes and completed deeds. Nineteen twenty-seven may ever cast its shade upon the present, yet it is of the ages, it is memory's.

In spite of "what might have been," we would not have it otherwise. A new year is already here, a year of richer promise than those that have gone before. Three hundred and sixty-six days are ours—ours not to order, yet ours to meet. We do not know what they will bring to us, but we can decide what we shall bring to them.

The course of the year is set, but the results are largely for us to determine. If every day is lived, if every moment directed to a higher end, the year will assuredly be fruitful. But few have the temperament to so regulate their lives. Most of us make good resolves, but like the seed upon the stony ground, they are lost in the struggle. Should this put an end to good intentions? It would be Utopian to dream of entire success. Even a step forward is one in the right direction. Therefore, let us strive this year that our deeds be not motivated by low purposes. Nineteen twenty-eight cannot help but be successful if the determination is made to keep faith and honor, to

“Hold this thing to be grandly true—  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod,  
To a purer air and a broader view.”

## SOCIAL SERVICE

Among the many new extra-curricular activities offered by the Point System Committee, the proposed Social Service Circle deserves special recognition. Although no extra-curricular activity in St. Joseph's is entirely selfish, the end of each being, ultimately, to promote the interests of the college, still membership in any, to a greater or less degree, necessarily brings with it a certain amount of personal gain.

The Social Service Society must be primarily altruistic. The avowed purpose of the members will be to share with the less fortunate the talents of mind and heart entrusted to them. There is indeed a vast field for these workers for “the harvest is great, and the laborers few.” The hospitals, charitable institutions and convalescent homes offer numerous opportunities to any group willing to spend time and labor in the service of the weak.

Social Service need not be limited to the four years spent in St. Joseph's but unlike most collegiate activities may be carried on as long as the need continues.

## CREDITS AND DEFICIT

At the inception of a new year it is customary to take account of the year that has gone before, to make note of credit and deficit. It might be well to do this in reference to St. Joseph's. What has the college lost in 1927; what has it gained?

It is always easier and more pleasant to think of what has been gained rather than what has been lost. Mention might be made on the credit side of improved facilities, for example, the new spectroscope and the powerful microscope in the laboratories; the many books that have been added to the library; the ever-broadening curriculum; the recently opened cafeteria. A note could be made of the activities of the extra-curricular associations, of the really worth-while lectures, recitals and plays they are sponsoring. More intangible, but paradoxically, of more lasting merit, is the new spirit that is being infused into studies, evinced by the work of the various study clubs. In fact, one might go on almost *ad infinitum*, checking up on credits.

But what of the deficit? With nineteen twenty-seven was lost the class whose numerals it bore, but a new class has taken its place. Is there then no deficit? Has the college not lost anything in the past year? This is rather hard to ascertain. But one might ask, remembering the U. A. motto, do we strive "to be, and not to seem?" Or again, are we coöperating with one another at St. Joseph's? Is the spirit quite the same as it used to be, quite as it might be, between class and class, between association and association, between student body and faculty? Perhaps herein is our deficit. Look to it!

## THE FINER ARTS

At a recent Forum the suggestion was made that there be an undergraduate society for the purpose of attending lectures, museums, concerts and plays of a worthwhile nature.

Such a society would appear to fulfill a long-felt need in the college. Living so close as we are to the heart of America's

most cosmopolitan city, it seems a positive duty to accept all that city has to offer by way of cultural advantage.

Because of a disagreement over the number of points the proposed society should have, and because it was felt that the minimum number of points would be earned too easily, the motion was not carried.

However, the majority of students feel that such a society would be worthwhile, even if limited to those who are not carrying their maximum number of points, and are ready to lend their interest and aid to its formation.

## AS WE LIKE IT

### ON WRITING AN ARTICLE FOR "LORIA"

N rushing through the hall some morning, you see tacked in some conspicuous place a notice that LORIA will welcome contributions until some date in the near future. You are halted momentarily, while the thought comes that you really should write something, that you want to write something good, very good, an article that will be truly "literary." With the beginning of daily routine, however, your resolution is forgotten. Passing it the first few times, you warn yourself about getting started on "that article," but after a few days the sign has become a fixture in the hall and you no longer even see it.

In an impossibly short time a new sign has replaced the old. "Meeting of LORIA Board at 11:30 tomorrow. All Editors are requested to attend." The black letters glare at you accusingly. Is the time for publication here so soon? And that article, where is it? With a guilty conscience you rush home and settle down to writing. Freshly sharpened pencils, new pens, a bottle of ink, a pile of white paper, in fact all the requisites are present or seemingly so, until you begin. At first you sit and concentrate; then you sit and dream; soon you begin to chew your pencil and tear your hair. These proving futile, you pace the floor and try all the supposed aids to inspiration, but to no avail.

The clock ticks on the minutes; the quiet of night descends over the city and you decide to give it up.

A magazine lies invitingly near. Listlessly you turn the pages and suddenly the thought comes. Here indeed is the topic for a prize essay. Here is something "literary." You begin, rather slowly at first, but soon the thoughts come tumbling out and your hand wearies in the writing of them. Eventually with a strange combination of sigh and flourish you finish. Here, indeed, is an article "par excellence," one destined, certainly, for fame.

The next morning finds you serene and smiling amid the

frantic editors. At 11:50 you proudly bear this, "your brain child," your thing of beauty, to the English room, and hand it with a false show of modesty to Miss Editor-in-Chief, answering sweetly to her query, "Yes, it is quite long and very informative."

The next few days find you at peace with the world. On Friday, that day when LORIA is gathered together, the Editor hands you your article to be revised that very afternoon. "Revision!" "Is it necessary?" And truly, revision is a poor word, or rather an inadequate one. So changed, so marked is the "manuscript," that your few words are buried under an avalanche of voluminous comment and criticism.

Four o'clock finds you in the library, vainly trying to make sense out of your masterpiece. Slowly the realization dawns that to do so is an impossibility and with a feeling of desperation and despair you fling it from you, gather up your implements and depart from the cold, dark and deserted library.

In the hall, though, you pause. That certain something that is in the heart of an editor holds you back. At the foot of the stairs the thought of the sanctum cheers you. At least, it will be warm up there, and so you climb the stairs in search of inspiration. But this elusive gift is denied and the only result of all the toil and labor is this silly pointless, what? Certainly not an article.

DOROTHY G. BIRD, '30.

## INKLINGS FROM A LEAKY PEN

Life is para  
Doxical there is  
An old story  
About a maiden  
Lady of uncertain  
Age who lived  
Alone in her  
Ancestral domicile  
At the edge of  
A wood she was  
Greatly attached to  
The ancestral silver  
Ware each night  
Before retiring she  
Rolled a little  
Rubber ball under  
Her bed to make  
Sure no burglar was  
Hiding there if  
The ball came  
Out the other  
Side she knew no  
One was under the  
Bed every night for  
Years the ball rolled  
Out again but  
Then one night  
It didn't and  
Then the maiden  
Lady of uncertain  
Age wished she had  
Not acquired this  
Quaint little habit  
Because now that a

Burglar *WAS* under  
The bed she could  
Not let him know  
She was aware  
Of his presence  
Because he would  
Shoot her so she  
Had less peace of  
Mind than if  
She had never  
Rolled a ball in  
The first place that  
Is the way with  
All of us we  
Spend a lot of  
Time and energy  
Worrying about something  
Which might happen  
Before we stop to  
Think that if it  
Did happen we  
Couldn't do anything  
Anyway and all  
We get for our  
Trouble is a few  
Gray hairs.

## GOING UP

People whisper behind your back. You know there must be something wrong with your attire. You have the awful thought that maybe that Freshman did pin a sign on your back; or perhaps your stockings are accordion pleated around the ankles. You look and satisfy yourself that none of these catastrophies has occurred. And then (reassuring thought) you remember! It's only the fringe adorning the back of your neck that is wacking the public's admiring gaze and comment.

It certainly is a trial, this striving to attain woman's crowning glory, and some of the results suggest it isn't worth it either. First there is the period of agonizing indecision, when your fate hangs by a hair. To grow or not to grow? To retain your Eton Crop or to let Nature take its course? Incidentally many of the best minds of the college have been agitated on this score, but most seem to have reached an affirmative decision. At last, the decision made and publicly announced, it is henceforth impossible to swerve from the path of duty in the direction of the hair-dresser's, for fear of being unmercifully "razzed" on your strength of will and determination.

After months and months of watchful waiting the above mentioned fringe is achieved, which sprawls gracefully over your collar, peeks coyly from under your hat, and increases the general resemblance to a small boy who has delayed visiting the barber. This, likewise, is a period of severe mental stress, but with the help of the gods and a few hair pins, you survive it.

And now comes the time that tries your soul. You feel you can't endure the looks of your hair any longer and are about to end it all—with a haircut, when the inspiration comes—why not put it up? After much twisting and pulling, the last hair pin is stuck into that sad little knot (?) and you are about to congratulate yourself, when the whole contraption descends upon your ears once more, giving the effect of one of Macbeth's weird sisters.

After a few thousand (more or less) of these attempts and

failures, the gods (or perhaps it's the goddesses) smile on you, and one eventful day you stick in the last hair pin, move your head cautiously a few times, then stride boldly around. Success at last! Your hair stays put! MARGARET COSGROVE, '30.

### "THESE MORTALS"

Richard Brindsley Sheridan has perpetuated the type of person who misapplies words or expressions that resemble each other in sound. Mrs. Malaprop was not born in the eighteenth century, nor did she die with it, for all about us we run into her, making her aptly inapt remarks and complacently betraying her ignorance beneath a self-assured superiority that is most amusing to the observer.

Perhaps Alexander Pope had already made her acquaintance when he wrote, "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

A group of students were discussing some of the profs recently. In the midst of the many comments, Lady Malaprop elbowed her way to the center of the stage and remarked, "Yes, he is great and Sister Z—— thinks he's simply superfluous."

In a certain group of society matrons the scandals of the city administration were being aired. One vied with the other in saying what she thought and we just managed to catch the words, "There's something rotten with the King of Denmark," as Madame Malaprop made her "coup de maître."

MARY LOFTUS, '29.

### DE PUELLIS FLEBILIBUS

The female of the species has some certain well defined privileges and immunities. Among these are enumerated her inalienable right to the emulation of the tabby cat and her uncontested tenure of proper methods in the achievement of a smooth, upward proboscic curve. But perhaps the greatest of these is that ancient and honorable privilege of weeping.

A girl weeps when she is sad or sore, praised or punished, gay or merely goofy. She can swim in a briny deep of tears and be

as happy as any normal fish. With equal facility she can veil a murderous hate in a gentle mist of tears. Undoubtedly she weeps equally well on a maternal bosom or before the helpless "*homo sapiens*."

Opportunities for scientific observation are very plentiful in this locality—a fact which is not phenomenal, all factors considered.

Following are carefully analyzed results from observations extending over the period from September 27 to December 1, 1927.

MOBY DICK. '30.

## "TWO RUNG AND ONE TO GO"

Hear the ringing of the bells!  
Period bells!  
What a wealth of future fate their trilogy foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
'Cross the silent library,  
As our cards they o'er sprinkle  
With flunks, in fiendish glee.  
How they clang and clash and roar  
That you're doomed forever more  
For overcutting;  
Unless with marathonic spirit . . .  
You do your feet imprint  
Upon the good old campus as of yore.  
Late for sure, you gain the door—  
And wait the ultimatum, and wait in vain; for  
With the customary irony of fate  
The prof announces that you're two minutes—early.

ANNA G. HARRIGAN, '31.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

**MOTHERS' AND DAUGHTERS' DAY** One of the really lovely events which is an institution at St. Joseph's is Mothers' and Daughters' Day. Far beyond all expectations was the second annual afternoon devoted to our mothers.

Miss Helen Allen, President of the U. A., welcomed the guests before the entertainment. The program, varied, interesting and pleasing, was arranged by Miss Elinor Woods, '28.

Miss Margaret Ferry, '31, entertained first with the Liszt "Paraphrase on 'Rigoletto.'" A bit of advice as to procuring seats in a theatre was given by Miss Marjorie Murphy, '29, in an amusing monologue. She was followed by Miss Catherine Irwin, '28, with a group of ballads. Miss Catherine Savino, '29, played Toselli's "Serenade," a violin selection. The musical score was completed by Miss Dorothy Bird, '30, who played MacDowell's "Scotch Poem" and Lund Skado's "Prelude." A dramatic reading of "The Maker of Dreams" was given by Miss Dorothy Thompson, '28. Dr. William T. Dillon closed the program with a tribute to our mothers.

After a delightful tea, Benediction brought to a fitting close the day "which this time a year ago was an experiment, today is an institution, tomorrow will be a tradition." M. J. K., '28.

**THANKSGIVING DANCE** On Friday evening, November 25, Stella Maris, holding a Thanksgiving Dance for a second time, established another custom at S. J. C.

Once more the philosophy room was converted into a colorful and comfortable lounging room. The Library and Alumnae room, decorated with autumn leaves and multi-colored balloons, were made especially interesting and inviting by the strains of gay music by Hayden.

The evening was a social and financial success, due largely to the energetic work of the committee, which was composed of Miss Jeannette Farrell, '28, Honorary Chairman; Miss Agnes Kelly, '28, Chairman, and the Misses Margaret Piggott, '29,

Catherine Bett, '29, Dorothy Bird, '30, Josephine Coddington, '30, and Margaret Lavery, '31. J. M. F., '28.

**HISTORY CLUB** The History Club, under the presidency of Miss Helen Callahan, 28, formally resumed its activities on October 13. Since that date its members have been busily occupied with lectures and field work.

Father Thomas F. Ryan, C.M., Dean of St. John's College, addressed the club on Thursday evening, October 27. The subject of Father Ryan's talk was, "An Outline of Ancient History."

On the morning of Thursday, November 10, the members of the club visited the J. Pierpont Morgan Library, which has a collection particularly interesting to students of history.

Wednesday evening, November 30, Professor Arthur F. J. Remy, of the Department of Germanic Philology of Columbia University, addressed the club. Dr. Remy presented in a most novel manner a talk on "The Coming of Christianity to the Teutons."

The History Club holds regular meetings twice a month. Other activities which are now being planned, will be announced at a later date. J. M. F., '28.

**MATHEMATICS CLUB** The second general meeting this semester of the Abacus was held on November 18. The main subject was the development of geometry through its various stages. The topic was well treated by Miss Eileen McLoughlin, '28.

Mathematical news items presented by Miss Virgile Doyle, '29, gave an insight into the current progress of the science. The lighter side of the evening consisted of a series of mathematical recreations which always delight the lovers of numbers and geometric figures. Miss Kathryn Lavery, '28, was chairman for the evening.

The special meeting of the Abacus on November 30, was well attended by the Senior Class, although the Juniors failed to make the most of their opportunity. The first part of the evening was

devoted to a survey of Non-Euclidean geometry. The history of the subject and several of its theorems were presented by the Misses Frances Reardon, Betty Judge and Kathryn Lavery, all of '28. The work was done exceptionally well and led to an interesting discussion in which everyone joined.

The second half of the meeting consisted of an introduction to Projective Geometry. Miss Margaret Conway, '29, gave a detailed account of its history. The Misses Helen Allen and Agnes Kelly, '28, continued by demonstrating the fundamental definitions and principles. Their papers were well prepared and clearly presented.

The Misses Mary J. Keller and Eileen J. McLoughlin, '28, had charge of the two divisions of the program.

**SENIOR PROM** The event which we had anticipated since the day after our Junior Prom last year is now a thing of the past. Past in experience, but not in memory, is our Senior Promenade and supper dance held on January 4 at the Ritz Carlton.

The charm of the main ballroom of the Ritz, augmented by the delightful music of the Ipana Troubadours was a perfect setting for one of the biggest events in the life of a College Senior. The dance orders, the favors, the supper, all made for a perfect evening.

To Miss Dorothy Thompson and her committee well merited praise is due for the success of the affair. M. J. K., '28.

**DRAMATIC SOCIETY** If we may judge the work of the season by their initial performance, we may expect something really artistic from the members of the Dramatic Society.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, December 15 and 16, they presented "An Eighteenth Century Fantasy," by Constance Mackeye D'Arcy. It consisted of five short plays, staged under the direction of Miss Alice White.

Miss Dorothy Thompson, '28, president of the society, welcomed the students and their friends. The entertainment was exceptionally good, and included in its cast not only performers of other years but also several new players.

LORIA congratulates Miss White, Miss Thompson, the members of the cast, and the committees of the affair on their success

**LITERARY SOCIETY** On the afternoon of November 2, the members of the Literary Society heard an interesting talk by Dr. Dillon. His analysis of the principal female characters in the "Idylls of the King" was greatly enhanced by well chosen quotations from the poem.

The second meeting was conducted by Miss Marie Kelley, '28, chairman for the afternoon. The program consisted of an introduction to the works of Christopher Morley, the reading of one of his best short stories, and a report of "Thunder on the Left."

The meeting of December 13th under the chairmanship of Miss Eugenie Cormier, '28, was given to a discussion of the life and works of Hilaire Belloc.

E. F., '28.

**MERCIER CIRCLE** The question of evolution was discussed in a novel manner by the Mercier Circle on Friday evening, December 9. It took the form of a debate on "The difference between man and animals is one of degree, not of kind."

The affirmative view was defended by the Misses Agnes F. Kelly, Virginia Stack and Regina Peppard. They were opposed by the Misses Marian Packert, Frances Winkler, and Margaret McNulty. The decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative.

**MR. LOUIS WETMORE** One of the most interesting talks given at the college was that of Mr. Louis Wetmore, former literary editor of the *New York Times*. He spoke Tuesday afternoon, December 6, on "Heresy and Orthodoxy in Literature," choosing George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells to represent the former, and Hilaire Belloc and Gilbert K. Chesterton, the latter.

Mr. Wetmore's intimacy with the men whom he considered promoted the interest in his topic. He revealed their personalities as only one so closely connected with them could. Throughout his lecture was a strain of humor so subtly interwoven with the

facts he was relating that he could not help but please his very enthusiastic audience.

Miss Constance Rick, president of the Serenaders, welcomed the audience. After a musical program by them, Miss Rick introduced Mr. Wetmore.

Tea was served after the lecture.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

**DRAMATIC CLUB** On Friday evening, January 27, The Alumnae Dramatic Club will present "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," a comedy in three acts, under the competent direction of Anne Schrage, '27. The cast has been working hard to make this, its initial attempt in the three-act comedy, a success. Among the cast are Mary C. McGinnis, '25, Gertrude Dilworth, '25, Emily O'Mara, '25, Muriel McCarthy, '25, Bernadette Garvey, '26, Agnes Corry, '25, Grace O'Brien, '25, Mary Cherry, '27, Margaret Johnston, '26, and Beatrice Rick, '25. We're wondering what the Dramatic Club would do without the class of 1925, are you?

**ALUMNAE DANCE** The Alumnae Dance held on November 18, in the Alumnae Room at the College was indeed a charming affair. The college doffed its scholastic atmosphere, and assumed a gay and mirthful one—indeed a pleasing transformation. Those who attended are unanimous in their enthusiastic praise of Kay Kilgallen, '26, and her very efficient committee.

**ALUMNAE RETREAT** The first Alumnae Retreat took place on December 17 and 18, preparing the participants in a worthy manner for the coming of the Christ-Child. Now that the movement has been begun, it is hoped that it will be continued and that it will meet with increased cooperation from those for whose benefit it was inaugurated.

**CARD PARTY** The annual card party under the auspices of the Alumnae was held on January 14, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Gertrude Roberts, '23, acted as chairman and is to be congratulated on its remarkable success. The proceeds of this annual bridge are used, for the most part, for charity, and so it merits the degree of success to which it attained.

**NEW ACTIVITIES** One sees rare things in and about 253 Clinton Avenue these days. If you have been there lately, you have been treated to any one of the following sights—girls sewing vestments, or an altar cloth, or white dresses for Porto Rican First Communicants; on another day, workers for Braille, receiving instruction in the intricacies of that wonderful work; at still another time, an embryonic Glee Club, forming plans for an interesting season; and again, a literary club, which will be providing a few interesting and profitable evenings, for their fellow Alumnae, before long. All these things are encouraged and incited to greater efforts by Dorothy Willmann, Alumnae President, whose energy is unending, and whose enthusiasm is contagious. It is admirable as well as edifying to see so many girls spending their spare time so profitably.

**BASKETBALL** The Alumnae began their basketball season brilliantly by defeating Hunter Evening College, on December 1, by a score of 45-0. Handicapped by the lack of regular systematic practice, the team is doing remarkably well. Cele Dolan, Captain and Manager, has planned a number of games in which we hope to find their initial success repeated. The members composing the Alumnae Team include Cele Dolan, '25, Mary Lynch, '26, Rita McCaffrey, '25, Estelle Stawiarski, '27, Kay Kilgallen, '26, Agnes McShane, '26, with Florence Newman, '24, Sally Todd, '25, Virginia Nathan, '27, Margaret Doyle, '27, Margaret Johnson, '26, and Angela Donaldson, '24, as substitutes. The schedule of games as arranged by Cele Dolan is as follows:

Thurs., Dec. 1	Hunter Evening College	.	Away
Wed., Dec. 21	S. J. C. Varsity	.	Home
Wed., Jan. 11	S. J. C. Varsity	.	Home
Sat., Jan. 14	Hunter College	.	Away
Sat., Jan. 28	Manhattanville	.	Home
Wed., Feb. 1	Hunter Evening College	.	Away
Wed., Feb. 15	Manhattanville	.	Away
Sat., Mar. 11	Hunter College	.	Home

Alumnae! Come out and cheer your team.

**THE QUESTIONNAIRE** Any Alumna who has not returned her questionnaire should be inspired to do so by the fact that Sr. Francis Xavier (Eva Flynn, '21) and Sr. Consuela Marie (Mildred Duffy, '21) have sent in theirs. Sr. Francis Xavier's came from the House of Good Shepherd in Brooklyn and Sr. Consuela Marie's came all the way from New Orleans. Follow the good example.

**I. F. C. A. BRIDGES** The series of bridges inaugurated by the I. F. C. A. has penetrated into our Alumnae. One girl gives a bridge for twenty people, each of whom is thereby obliged to give a party for sixteen, who in turn entertain twelve, until the number reaches four at which the series ends. As the admission to the bridge is a dollar, the money realized is no mean sum. (Let the Math. Majors figure it out in their spare moments.) The Alumnae in cooperating with this plan of the I. F. C. A. is assisting substantially in the charitable work to which the proceeds are applied.

**IN THE ALUMNAE ROOM** The furnishings of the Alumnae Room have been augmented recently through the kindness of Father Dillon to whom the Alumnae are deeply grateful.

Certain members of '25 and '26 gave a very creditable performance of "Wild Nell" and the "Village Blacksmith," a short time ago. "Wild Nell" showed the result of her post-graduate experience and seemed wilder than ever, and "Handsome Harry" in his own good looking outfit captured the hearts of the audience. The spreading chestnut tree was very steady, sturdy, and well extended.

A few of the Alumnae attempted to have dinner at the college not very long ago, by making use of the kitchenette. Lack of saucepans and other cooking impedimenta made of the hastily planned meal a sorry mess. What a dinner! If the results were not so pathetic, the situation would have been comic.

'23 Peggy White is recuperating from a severe illness. Her classmates and the Alumnae rejoice with her on her recovery.

'24 Margaret Meehan Copeland, '24, announced the arrival of a daughter, Margaret Mary Copeland, during the past month.

'25 Concepta Castellano is sojourning in Italy this year. How we envy her!

'25 Virginia Fox was married at a very pretty wedding to Mr. Robert Coughlin on Thanksgiving Eve. S. J. C. Alumnae as well as '25 was well represented.

'26 Announcement has recently been made of Helyne Straub's marriage to Mr. Everett Hillman.

'27 Marie Savino has the distinction of being the first bride of the Class of 1927. In the early summer she became the bride of Mr. James Donahue. Eileen Murray, '26, acted as maid of honor.

Anna Schrage is now one of the Benson Players.

Among the youngest members of the Alumnae there are a few departures as regards vocations. Virginia Laudry is endeavoring to learn how to be a comparative shopper and Loretta Dempsey is working with the Book of the Month Club. And we hear that one, if not more, already are losing their illusions regarding *The Profession for Women*.

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### IN MEMORIAM

LORIA extends its sympathy to Agnes Hearn, '25, on the death of her father, also to Elizabeth Hebron, '28, on the death of her father, and to Mary Golden, '30, on the death of her mother.

R. I. P.

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# LORIA



*March, 1928*



*Loria*

*St. Joseph's College for Women  
Brooklyn, N. Y.*

# Loria

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No. 3.

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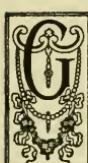
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## MEDITATION

THROUGH a checkered window pane,  
Looming in the distance far,  
Like arrows, shot from out an archer's bow,  
I see silhouetted the skyline of Manhattan.  
Towers—high above the motley crowd,  
The outstretched arms of humanity,  
Pleading to the Maker for peace for their people.  
While below, the quays teem with life,  
Puffing tugs, groaning barges and creaking ferries  
Like Camelot of old, the turrets are built to music—  
Not melodious, not harmonious  
But to the grinding, penetrating groans of machinery,  
And the steady rhythm of hammers  
Cadenced only by the ebb of human energy.  
A city, built for man's glory.  
For greed, for power, for jealousies, for passions,  
Unlike Camelot, built for God's glory through man's purification.

CATHERINE G. BETT, '29.

## THE RED COPE



GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA was the central figure of a great drama. No matter what our opinion of him, or what may be the verdict of time, it will never be said that he and his despotism lacked drama.

From the very beginning, Savonarola's existence was dyed deep in the resplendent color of his time. He was born in the city of Ferrara, which then, at the middle of the fifteenth century, was the scene of an extravagant pageantry which was the background for the rule of the great Duke Borso d'Este. The d'Estes were princes who lived not in magnificence, but in absolute splendor. Popes and potentates passed through the city, to be fêted by its ruler. Savonarola's spirituality and sensitive mind were shocked when time after time he saw thousands of yards of fine brocades and bright velvets carpeting the city from end to end—for a day. He saw around the castle the countless torches that betokened a feast—a feast that would see many other torches charred out before its own flame died. And his soul revolted at the corruption and the sin which he knew lay under all this magnificence. Thus his childhood and youth were spent. Savonarola could not see the beauty because he knew too well the disease it concealed.

The after years, when he put his mark on the city of Florence and when all Italy heard the echoes of his thunderous preaching, were even more full, even brighter, with the color that God seemed to have woven into the strange pattern of Savonarola's life. In 1497 came from Rome the decree of his excommunication. It was solemnly read in five of the churches of Florence. In Santa Croce, Santa Maria Novella, Santo Spirito, the Annunziata, and the Badia were gathered friars from the various convents who listened in stillness to the slow, relentless words read in solemn tones from the five pulpits. Then suddenly, the sad, dread words had been said, and simultaneously in the five churches, one by one all the candles were extinguished; with

measured steps the friars retired, and each church was left in darkness.

Nevertheless, it was not long after this that the Friar's flame seemed to leap higher and higher. He defied the Papal Brief, and once more the walls of the great Duomo thundered back the famous "Three Conclusions": "*Ecclesia Dei rediget renovatione: flagellabitur, renovabitur.*" The mighty tones brought on the terribly renewed attack of his enemies. Things went so far, that with the assent of the Signory of Florence, an ordeal by fire was arranged, in which Savonarola's error was to be proved. One of the Friar's disciples, Frà Domenico de Pescia, was to go through the flames with a Franciscan, Frà Rondinello. If Domenico perished, it would be a sign from God of the enormity of the errors that his master was teaching.

The ordeal was to take place in the great Piazza of Florence. Most of the entrances had been barred to keep from the square the eager, even savage, mob. But vantage points in windows, on walls, and on roofs had been found, and the crowd, waiting since dawn to see the morbid spectacle, was surly, unruly, and full of murmurings. Savonarola's Dominicans were early at the scene. All the monks of St. Mark's, about two hundred and fifty in number, marched two by two in solemn procession, joyfully chanting the *Tc Deum*. Then, alone, came Frà Domenico, joy and eagerness for the ordeal on his beautiful, heroic face. After him came Savonarola, arrayed in gorgeous vestments, and carrying the Host. He was attended by Frà Benedetto and Frà Silvestro. The tall, strong figure of Domenico was covered by a great cope of red velvet. As the singing line moved forward, that robe of moving velvet—dyed, it seemed, with all the bright blood of martyrs—swept on toward the goal. It seemed to override the multitude, and its very color swayed their emotions beyond recovery. It was a sign to them of Girolamo Savonarola. Over his disciple he had thrown his own robe, the symbol of his strength and his authority, and that disciple had been seized by the strong, unfaltering courage of his master.

Thus did Savonarola, symbolized by that blood-red cope of

silken velvet, move through life, the fire and color of his personality dominating and ruling all. He was a tyrant over their souls—a glorious tyrant arrayed in a red cope.

But that day, they thought, saw the beginning of the end. Not many days after the mob captured the tyrant. Torture seemed to wrest from his shoulders the red robe of splendor and strength. Savonarola was sentenced to die.

So one day found him on the scaffold, striped even of the habit of his order. When the moment came for the papal delegate to pronounce the formula which separated the accused from the Church Militant, he became confused, and said, "*Separo te ab Ecclesia militante atque triumphante.*" Savonarola quietly and gravely reproved him: "*Militante, non triumphante: hoc enim tuum non est.*"

In that moment, the red robe fell triumphantly back on the Friar's shoulders, and I think that the flames which consumed Savonarola left intact the color of the red velvet cope.

CATHARINE FOURNIER, '30.

## BATTLEFIELDS

THEY will remember, long after men have forgotten,  
The sound of feet marching away to the distant wars;  
They will remember, though Spring with her solacing fingers  
Return with new green to cover their ancient scars.

Though the guns are stilled and only the deep hush of silence  
Does sentry duty, quiescent, they lie and listen,  
Where, in the moonlight, phantom horsemen are riding,  
And the stacked bayonets of the fallen glisten.

\* \* \* \*

Though the thunder of guns and the fan-fare of war are ended,  
Loud strife, and final defeat—and peace follows after—  
They will remember wild grief, and joy, and exulting,  
And fear hidden low in mirthless, hard, young laughter.

ADELE McCABE, '31.

## A DEAL OF ARIEL, JUST A STREAK OF PUCK

N her poetry, Emily Dickinson has left a record of her growth, every phase of which is marked by two traits that are perfect complements of each other—sincerity and humor. Thoughts—unique, witty, grave, sublime, thoughts that touch the very sources—streams of life,—she shapes naturally, daringly, oracularly. All the intensity of her nature, the impatience of detail, her unselfishness, her comradeship with nature, her probing into the mysteries of life and eternity, and her solution of them, one by one—all this went into her poetry. She had the audacity that was emblazoned in her auburn hair, and the truth seeking, mystic soul that lay in her wide, dark eyes.

In her early girlhood, Emily declared herself a Whig, and feminist. She had, even then, the spirit which seeks and expects the uncompromising honesty that later made her say of one who failed to meet her demand:

“He preached upon breadth till it argued him narrow  
The broad are too broad to define;  
And of ‘truth’ until it proclaimed him a liar,  
The truth never flaunted a sign.”

At that time, too, she was natural, girlish, unaffected, with all of the piquancy she shows us here:

“How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog,  
To tell your name the lifelong day.  
To an admiring bog!”

She lived in perfect content, attached to her home, interested in society, and loving life, yet, fearing it, as if she foresaw the quality of the unspun thread.

Suddenly, her fear was realized. Life, for a while, seemed to sport with her, as if it had found a lute sensitive to its plucking, and with fiendish joy, stung the slender strings to torture. Love, that she held in awe, was denied her, because her nobility rebelled against selfishness, as she herself has said:

“Did the paradise, persuaded,  
Yield her moat of pearl,  
Would the Eden be an Eden,  
Or the earl an earl?”

The tragedy was doubled by the death of her father, widening the old wound that had never healed. For, to Emily, the duration of pain had neither beginning nor end; Time was all one in the realm of suffering, and, in her grief, she cries;

“Parting is all we know of heaven,  
And all we need of hell.”

And then a quietness comes over her, and she thinks of death  
so—

“The sweeping up the heart,  
And putting love away,  
We shall not want to use again  
Until eternity.”

In these years, humor was her salvation. It held her elfin spirit to earth until

“One little boat o’erspent with gales  
Retrimmed its masts, redecked its sails  
Exultant, onward sped!”

Her art became enriched, deepened, understanding—

“Low at my problems bending,  
Another problem comes,  
Larger than mine, serener,  
Involving statlier sums;  
I check my busy pencil,  
My ciphers slip away,  
Wherefore, my baffled fingers,  
Time eternity?”

She had discovered the One Truth:

“We never know how high we are  
Till we are called to rise;  
And then, if we are true to plan,  
Our statues touch the skies.”

ETHEL MADDEN, '31.

## METAMORPHOSIS

 LADYS closed the front door with a bang, bounded down the porch steps two at a time, and skipped out of the yard. Just outside the gate she paused to button her heavy blue sweater so that only the red pleated skirt of her dress could be seen. She finished her preparations by pulling two yellow curls over her left shoulder and tilting her beret of dark blue velvet at an attractive angle.

After looking carefully up and down the street, she began to walk rapidly in the direction of the business section of the town. Tomorrow her Thanksgiving Holidays would be over and she would have to go back to school, but she must find Billy first. She shuffled her feet in dried leaves noisily and thought of how the leaves had been on the trees the last time she saw him and walked this way.

She kept anxiously peering ahead and when a family friend had turned into the avenue she darted down a side street to avoid being stopped. It made her walk longer, but she had a great deal more time to think of Billy. She smiled when she thought of that September afternoon when she was going away to school for the first time. She had wandered through the whole town, feeling so lonesome at leaving and then had accidentally met Billy, who had been in her class at school. He had talked so excitedly about the wonderful times he had read about that happen in boarding school and wished that we were going away too. On turning away, he had suddenly stopped and unceremoniously thrust into her hands a small bag of candy, with directions not to get caught with them at school, and ran off.

By this time she had reached the shopping district and she stood gazing into the Greek confectioner's window. There were the pink and white various shaped candies, with the sayings on them, in the window. They were five for a cent, but they meant a lot to her because some were in the form of hearts.

Having looked into the window long enough, and remembering the cause of her quest, she began walking home by a different

route. Funny, she mused on, how those heart candies had meant nothing to her at first until a girl at school had asked her if her beau had given them to her. Everybody at school had her secret lover and some token of his hidden away. She had answered yes, because she didn't want to be different, but the more she thought it over the more convinced she was that Bill's last actions were signs of his affection.

It was almost dark and she was turning home disappointed when a block away she spied the familiar back. She felt the impulse to run, but checked herself, because it would disarrange her hair. Billy was leaning against a tree, his feet crossed and his hands in his pockets. When she was a few yards away she called, "Oh, Billy!" with a full curve of inflection in her voice. The boy turned his head and looked at her with half-closed eyes. She grew impatient for his answer and was about to speak again when he walked toward her. He pulled his hat down over one eye, and taking an old pipe out of his pocket, let it dangle from a corner of his mouth. "Hello kid! How's yourself?" he said in a deep gruff voice and he sauntered off with a leisured slouch of self importance. Gladys trudged home in silence.

ALITA LUDDER, '28.

## FANCY

ALONG my garden wall tall hollyhocks  
Glow against the stone of somber gray;  
In frocks, beruffled, rose and gold and white,  
Like dainty maidens, poised, they sway  
On stems of green, each head erect, demure,  
Yet nodding forth a welcome gay  
Of rose and gold and white against the somber gray.

MARY MARGARET BIRD, '28.

## WOMEN IN MATHEMATICS



ROM time immemorial, historians have given us accounts of lives of great men—men who were scientists, mathematicians, poets, authors, artists, and workers in every branch of knowledge. But these are men, and why are women so casually excluded? Certainly there have been geniuses among them who are more worthy of note than some of the much lauded men.

In mathematics there has ever existed the common notion that its study is for the stronger sex, but looking on the other side of the question, we are able to reverse their decision. If the strength of mathematics requires the force of man, the beauty of it calls for the loveliness of woman. And we may justly say that it has received it, as a summary of the lives and works of our fellow-women will show.

According to several writers of the pre-Christian era, a few women of Greece were noted for their ability in philosophy and science. However, as they mention no specific names, we are unable to gather much information as to this period. We can reasonably believe, nevertheless, that such women did exist, for it is known that the schools of Plato and Pythagoras were frequented by them as well as by men.

The first great mathematicienne was Hypatia, who was born about 375 A. D., into the center of learning of the civilized world, Alexandria. Her father, Theon of Alexandria, was an eminent teacher in the great school of that city, and his talent and taste for mathematics was evinced in his daughter while she was still very young. He was her first master, and according to some historians, her only one. There is so much shade cast over her life that we are not certain if it is true that she also studied at Athens under Plutarch, and his daughter Asclepigenia. When she began to teach at the school in Alexandria, she was declared to outshine her father. Added to her personality and wonder-

ful mentality, was her gift of eloquence, which factor alone brought many students to hear her discourses on mathematics and philosophy.

Her subjects included not only the geometry and astronomy as known to all teachers of her time, but also the recently discovered science of algebra, as developed by Diophantuo. It is a pity that none of her works have come down to us, for it would be interesting to note her development of the various topics upon which she wrote. Her commentary on the "Arithmetica" of Diophantus was considered a valuable piece of work at Alexandria. The "Conic Sections" of Apollonius was also treated by Hypatia in her second great work. Her versatility in the field of knowledge is amply attested by the fact that she wrote a third work, called the "Astronomical Canon," a treatise on the movements of the heavenly bodies. Besides these writings, she is credited with several physical inventions, including an apparatus to distill water, one to measure the level of water and another to determine the specific gravity of liquids, an astolabe and a planisphere.

With the death of Hypatia came the decline of the great school of which she was the last teacher of note. It is generally believed that her end came during a persecution of the Christians, and that she fell into the merciless hands of an Alexandrian mob.

A long period of inactivity followed, during which there was little progress made in the development of mathematics. The next woman of note was Héloïse, a pupil of and co-worker with Abelard. She was famous as a linguist, philosopher and mathematician. Our chief knowledge of her works is obtained through the Franciscan Ambrosius, who edited the joint works of Abelard and Héloïse in 1616.

Probably the nation which has given us the greatest number of illustrious women mathematicians is Italy. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the names of four of them in particular are most worthy of mention. Elena Cornaro Piscopia, linguist and mathematician; Maria Angela Ardinghelli, trans-

lator of the "Vegetable Statistics" of Stephen Hales; Christina Roccati, teacher of physics for twenty-seven years in the Scientific Institute of Rovigo, and Clelia Borromeo, known as the glory of the Genoese, were the most prominent. One who advocated the study of mathematics for its mental training was Diamante Medaglia, who immediately succeeded the women just mentioned.

But successful as these women were, they stood in the distance when placed in the same picture with their illustrious countrywoman, Maria Daetana Agnesi. Her long life, which was begun at Milan in 1718 was devoted to the study of mathematics and languages. Her marvelous fluency in Greek, Latin, and French, besides her native Italian, was remarkably evident while she was still a very young child of ten or twelve years.

Her great work in the field of mathematics was begun when she was twenty years of age. After ten years it was completed and was published under the name of "Le Instituzioni Analitiche." It included a detailed treatment of analytics, differential and integral calculus. The work was divided into four parts, which embraced the "Analysis of Finite Quantities," including equations, plane determinate problems, loci of the second degree and solid problems and their equations; "Differentials and the Method of Tangents," including maxima and minima of quantities, evolutes and rays of curvature; "Integral Calculus" and the "Inverse Method of Tangents." She discusses several higher plane curves, of which the best known to us is the Witch. The curve, the conchoid of Nicomedes, is also given, described slightly differently from the way in which we are accustomed to study it.

It is hard to describe the admiration of the learned men of her day after they had reviewed her book. She was recognized among the greatest mathematical geniuses and became the recipient of many honors. Chief among these was the offer by Pope Benedict XIV, of the chair of higher mathematics in the University of Bologna. It is strange how diversity of opinion on this point could be so great. Some authors state without any seeming doubt, that she accepted the offer and taught there

for many years. With equal certainty, others write that she declined and retired to a life of charitable work among the sick and poor of Milan. A contemporary of Agnesi, M. DeBrosse, who tells, in a preface to an edition of her book, of his acquaintance with her, speaks of her entrance into the convent. This is not at all improbable, for all authors agree that she was unspoiled by her genius and that she was endowed with a beautiful spirit of piety and modesty. Undoubtedly, Mozans is correct in assuming that her life, as she chose to live it, was far more edifying and elevating to the women around her than it would have been if they had only her mathematical work to look to as the work of Agnesi. Her scientific mind incited praise, but her religious mind was the impetus to a deep seated and reverent awe among all those who knew her.

In marked contrast to Maria Agnesi was the French woman Emilie du Chatelet, who lived from 1706 to 1749. Her ability was not so great as that of her Italian contemporary, as is shown in her works on analysis, and her moral character is, when compared to that of Agnesi, as inferior to it as a piece of cotton is to a beautiful piece of silk.

She was the authoress of several works on physics and mathematics. Chief among them are "Institutions de Physique," in which she demonstrated the philosophy of Leibnitz and the theories of space, time and force; and her translation of Newton's "Principia," which showed undoubtedly her great mathematical mind, for, in order to translate it intelligibly, she must have understood it perfectly.

France produced another woman of prominence in mathematics. She was Sophie Germain, who lived in the nineteenth century. Rather interesting is her struggle to overcome the violent opposition of her family and friends who asked, "Of what use is geometry to a girl?" (Personally, I think it was a great achievement in itself to prove to these discouraging people that she was really in earnest about her study of "useless" geometry.) Her mathematics, which contained a wonderful knowledge of analysis, is evident mainly in her application of it to physics.

Her work on the theory of vibration of elastic surfaces startled the scientific world. It was written for a contest conducted by the French Academy for the best explanation and demonstration of the theory. Mlle. Germain used a nom-de-plume in submitting her work and hence it was unknown to the judges that the one whose work gave the most satisfactory explanation of the theory was a woman. She was immediately acclaimed in the scientific circles of France and Italy as one of the foremost mathematicians of her day, second only to her eminent contemporaries, Lagrange (her teacher) and Legendre.

Less important in the mathematical world was the Swiss woman, Anna Barbara Reinhardt, whose work was neither as intensive nor as extensive as those already mentioned.

From all parts of Europe have come renowned women in the field of mathematics. Scotland boasts of Mary Somerville, who was born in 1780. A rather strange thing about her is the fact that she was fifteen years old before ever having become acquainted with mathematics at all. Usually we note an early beginning in the evidence of genius, but in her case its development had been prohibited by her education, and it was only by chance that she ran across it even then.

Mrs. Somerville came into repute by her popular treatise on Laplace's work, "Mécanique Céleste." This was written at the request of Lord Brougham, who desired the principles of the work to be set before English readers in general. Her completed treatise, which she called the "Mechanism of the Heavens," was far in advance of the type expected from her, for it contained, besides the translation and summary, her own views concerning several of Laplace's propositions. She and another woman, Caroline Herschel, were elected honorary members of the Royal Astronomical Society just after the widespread popularity of Mrs. Somerville's treatise reached its height.

Although most of her writings relate to physics and astronomy, she is nevertheless, known as a mathematician, because of her application of it to the other sciences. Besides the work already mentioned, she has published "Connection of the Phy-

sical Sciences," "Physical Geography," "On Curves and Surfaces of Higher Orders," and on "Molecular and Microscopic Science."

Like Agnesi, Mrs. Somerville lived a long life, having reached the age of ninety-two, and again, like Agnesi, a "beautifully womanly" life.

A distinguished contemporary of Mrs. Somerville was Janet Taylor, whose works were on mathematics as applied to the nautical sciences. Navigation and nautical astronomy constituted the subjects of her researches and observations. Her writings were of valuable aid to seamen.

The latter half of the nineteenth century witnessed the work of Russia's scientific daughter, Sonya Kovalivsky. As her native country had little to offer in higher education she went to the University of Heidelberg, where she engaged herself in mathematical pursuits for two years. Leaving, she went to Berlin and sought entrance at the University. However, she was not admitted because of her sex. This did not prevent her studies, nevertheless, as she finally took up her work under Professor Weirstrass, who was her master for three years. During this time she prepared, under his direction, three theses, which obtained for her her doctorate at the University of Gottingen. Soon after this she became professor of higher mathematics at Stockholm, which position she held from 1884 until her death in 1891. Though she was short-lived, her work was of great importance.

Her writings are very few and are only in the forms of theses, including those offered for her doctorate. She made important contributions to the theory of differential equations and to the mechanical adaptation of the function theory.

The type of work done by our American women is on the whole different from that of the Europeans. America, since it is a nation which continually looks forward to the welfare of its younger generation, takes care in arranging its educational systems. Hence we are not surprised to find a great many women of extraordinary mathematical talent using their ability to es-

tablish a good and thorough set of mathematic courses in our high schools and colleges.

Charlotte Angus Scott, professor at Bryn Mawr College, has investigated the work on college mathematics. Her long years of teaching there were very successful.

The teaching of "union mathematics" or the studying of one branch in connection with another—as the geometrical demonstration of some algebraic problem—is receiving much encouragement in our present school system by Vera Sanford.

Mary A. Potter of Racine High School advocated individualized instruction, especially in geometry, for those students for whom it is difficult to see the work clearly. This is a big step toward better mathematics classes for it tends to do away with the carrying over of a misunderstood idea from one course to another.

Marie Gugle, assistant superintendent of schools in Columbus, Ohio, who is also president of the National Council of Mathematics Teachers, is particularly interested in mathematics clubs. She sponsors their work in all high schools and colleges.

Other teachers of the United States who are promoting our educational system are Elizabeth Cowley, Margaret Brown and Elinor Booher. Mary Quigley of Teacher's College, Boston, is also interested in promoting the benefits of mathematics in our schools.

Incomplete and limited though the history of these illustrious women seems here, we are able to testify by it that women are competent to deal with the abstract and the mathematical, either abstract or concrete.

MARY J. KELLER, '28.

## THE BANSHEE

“—AND sure enough, didn’t poor old Bridget pass out not a minute after the stroke of twelve!”

“Did you hear the banshee, Pop?”

“Did I hear her? Sure lad, and didn’t I see her? There she was, sitting on the rail of the old wooden bridge near Kilnagow, a little bit of a crone, combing her long golden hair that shone like honey in the moonlight. All in white she was, and a-moaning and a-crooning like nothing created. Like a dog’s howl it was, or a mother crying for her babe, but it set my teeth chattering and myself calling on the saints’ protection. On sight of me she shrieked like a hundred bad ones, and, whist—like that—vanished into thin air! I said to myself, ‘Mark you! ’Tis the banshee that follows the Cronin family—one of us will go this night.’ ”

“Go where, Pop?”

“Oh, and it’s smart you are, too smart,—get to bed, you imp!”

Not until he had reached the stairs which led to the attic and to his own small quarters beneath the roof top, did Aloysius Francis Xavier Cronin repent his impishness. Even then, his was not the repentance of the truly contrite. It was rather regret than repentance, regret that he had occasioned his dismissal from that most delightful Cronin function—Saturday night coffee and crullers. The aroma of freshly boiled coffee floated up the stairwell and tempted him to presume upon parental forgetfulness, to return to the group in the great old dining-room, but a judicious concern for his own well-being forbade the suggestion. Pop had been too dramatic and his own remark too devastating to permit the possibility of leniency. Aloysius slowly climbed the stairs to the attic.

Attic stairs are not like other stairs, which unite one floor with the next in a very companionable way. There is an air of finality about that last flight which is utterly terrifying and unnatural. Aloysius sensed this for the first time that evening.

Hitherto, he had regarded his small room in the attic as an invaluable place for certain nocturnal activities. The low spaces beneath the broad roof-beams had been the scene of many a wild adventure with the fictitious heroes and monsters with which the boy's imaginative mind had peopled the lonely garret. He now began to realize its possibilities as a lurking place for "leprechauns" and "headless travelers" and "bits of crones with long golden hair!" All in all, it was a very frightened Aloysius who, after hurriedly undressing, leaped from the center of the room into the old four-poster to escape whatever monstrosity might otherwise snatch at his legs.

The warm protection of the coverings was comforting to the boy as he lay there trembling. His nervousness distorted all the objects of the room to fearful size and horrible significance. He felt the mattress rise slightly as it moved beneath him. The knob of the closet door began to turn slowly. Something scratched at the window-pane. The arc of automobile headlights flashed across the ceiling and was gone with wraith-like suddenness. A floor-board on the landing creaked heavily. Someone was stealthily mounting the stairs. Another creak! Aloysius, terrified, listened and wished the vein in his neck would not throb so loudly. At length, exhausted by the tension, he fell asleep.

He was first conscious of the dim reflection of the street-lamp flickering upon the wall. Stark terror seized him upon beholding a black, shapeless mass leaning over the foot of his bed. Fear paralyzied his voice and left his whole body weak and inert. He could no more move for help than he could hide himself from that awful scrutiny. He dared not close his eyes, so he gazed unblinkingly at the figure as it swayed backward and forward in queer, spasmodic movements. Finally, tormented beyond endurance, he summoned all his strength and called for help. . . .

\* \* \* \*

Of equal importance with the banshee of Kilnagow in the repertoire of Cronin yarns, is the story of the night Aloysius thought he saw "the Old Boy himself," and how the family,

alarmed by his cries, found him sitting up in bed, staring stupidly at his forefinger crooked over the bridge of his nose. The bent finger at such a short focus, had assumed magnificent proportions and seemed to the boy's excited mind, a threatening figure regarding him with malicious intent. Fear held him motionless. So it was that his father found him—"as crosseyed a spalpeen as ever I looked at."

MAY MEANY, '30.

### THE PALACE OF LOVE

No palace of art would I design  
Wherein to house my soul,  
Nor let it wander unrestrained,  
Like the jungle's fiercest left unchained,  
That roams, and seeks no goal.

A palace of love I would were mine,  
'Tis there my soul would dwell,  
And to its Master most benign,  
It would its selfish hopes resign,  
And all its fears dispel.

MARY J. KELLER, '28.

## SENTIMENT OF A SORT



LIVE'S fine, sensitive face expressed just the merest sort of disdain at the old beggar's grovelling plea.

"Those fellows all have loads of money put away—just trying to live off other people by working their sympathies."

"Oh, Clive, but can't you see the poor old fellow's shoes are worn through—imagine tennis shoes in this season—and no top-coat."

"Aunt Editha, don't be sentimental—he probably got dressed up like this just to playact. Don't encourage his laziness."

He smiled as I pressed a bill into the old man's bony fingers.

"If Father had never done another thing for me, I'd be eternally grateful to him for knocking all that silly sentimentality out of me."

We walked on in silence.

My brother-in-law, Aidan Arnold, seemingly had taken every bit of sentiment out of Clive. The boy was charming until you struck that note of hardness underneath his perfect social manner. At twenty-two, he was a fair replica of Aidan, of whom some wit had said that his life was set to machinery.

When an adverse fate had exacted from Aidan Arnold the only thing he ever loved—(I believe because the gods hate self-sufficiency) Clive had been sacrificed to a scientific upbringing. Most people thought Aidan had done rather well. Clive was already recognized as one of the coming geologists. Aidan's enforced visit to South Africa gave me my long-awaited chance of seeing how my nephew was getting on. I had expected him to be a bit restrained and artificial, but never did I think a son of my warm-hearted Chrissie could be so callous.

At last the boy spoke—

"I guess you think I'm a bit hard, Aunt Editha, but I see no reason for wasting sympathy on undeserving people."

"I think I understand, Clive. You haven't seen many really poor people, have you?"

"No. Father says they wouldn't be poor if they or their parents hadn't been shiftless, and it makes one sentimental to listen to their hard-luck stories. Besides, it unsettles one to see suffering that one cannot prevent, and I must have perfect nerves for my work."

*His work—research in the early glacial period—which would benefit perhaps half-a-dozen geologists, and interest a few hundred scholars.*

"Clive, will you do something for me?"

"Well, Aunt, it depends on what it is"—he smiled the engaging smile that made me want to shake Aidan Arnold for mis-educating him.

"Just this. We have just four weeks before your father comes back to New York. Give me three hours of your time daily. I'll introduce you to the other, seamier side of the picture and see if you won't learn the difference between sentimentality and charity."

Clive looked at me. He was sporting enough to take the chance, I thought.

"All right, Aunt Editha, I'll go—and prove to you you're wrong."

I didn't spare him much in those few weeks—the boy needed a jerking up. We went in and out of free hospitals, tramped through crowded slums, saw a prison hospital or two, talked with the city's old and ill. Even I, veteran as I was, quailed at the sight of so much suffering, white and stark.

Long before the month was up, Clive had lost his aloof attitude toward what he called my slumming. He became a passionate disciple. He was really finely attuned to the feelings of others.

There was much discussion in the Geologist's Club of J—University over Clive Arnold's defaulting, but many a wretched, mayhap a lazy beggar, finds cause to bless the day young Arnold cast in his lot with the sentimentalists.

MARGARET McNULTY, '28.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON— 1803-1882



N the strictest estimate of the amount and value of the intellectual product of America, the work of Ralph W. Emerson is entitled to a thorough consideration. Who was the man and what did he do? What was the purpose and what the achievement of the spoken and written words, by which his message was given to the world?

Emerson was a descendant of a long line of New England Ministers, representing the stern democratic aristocracy of Massachusetts, an aristocracy dependent only upon brains and achievement. "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate" was the command heeded by English Puritans and Independents of the seventeenth century, as against the supporters of prelacy and kingcraft. The same non-conformist pulse beat in the veins of Emerson, under new skies and in new days. Emerson, in the nineteenth century, protested against conventionality and sham in the churches, in society and in the State. He stood independent of public sentiment and of the domination of the majority. Condemned by many, he lived in the serenest optimism. His method was that of the seer, rather than that of the inductive philosopher; he was outspoken, and left the results with the others. Here is the philosophy of Emerson in his own words: "My whole philosophy is very real, it teaches acquiescence and optimism."

We will say just a little about the man, before entering into a discussion of his particular contribution to literature. The life of Emerson was outwardly an uneventful one. The literary man of the nineteenth century lives in no such events as those which followed Chaucer, Spencer, Marlowe and Bacon. The man, Emerson, outside of his books, was simply a silent citizen of the country town of Concord, in which he was a successful farmer. He was born in Boston in 1803, and always prided him-

self on his Puritan ancestry, which was also clerical. The clerical line, preceding the essayist and poet, means that he came from the best New England stock, accustomed for years to think and live in an atmosphere stimulating to thought. He graduated from Harvard, and late entered the ministry, from which he was compelled to resign because of ill health. Later, he visited Europe and sought out Wordsworth, Coleridge and Carlyle. Carlyle disappointed him the least, and this was the beginning of a long friendship between the two. There are many phases to Emerson's life, that of minister, lecturer, poet and essayist.

After this general survey, we may consider Emerson's place in American literature. First, as to his prose, Emerson confined himself almost exclusively to the essay. He did not enter the vast domain of fiction, which engaged the attention of most authors. He did not even venture upon the portrayal of character, except in a very limited way. In short, Emerson could not construct a plot, and fill it with men and women of his own creation. His genius was distinctly philosophical. Emerson had an exalted conception of life and human destiny. He realized that he had a message for the world, and he was as much in earnest in the delivery of his message as was Carlyle. There is no doubt that the world admires a man who has the moral courage to express his convictions, regardless of the penalty—and the world admires Emerson.

As a philosopher his place is difficult to determine. He was not a psychologist. He was a seer, he lived and wrote as if by divine instinct. He arrived at truth, not by any mental process of reasoning, but by intuition. If he had been more of a practical reasoner, he would have been more logical and consistent, and less of an enigma to his disciples. This is the reason why his writings sometimes appear wanting in logical connection.

You may read his essays backward as well as forward, with much the same effect. The arrangement is not always logical, and the sequence of thought is frequently interrupted. Hence, not a few readers find Emerson rambling and incoherent, and sometimes even obscure. The obscurity is perhaps due to his idealism,

his mysticism; for he is an idealist, a spiritualist, not a materialist.

His philosophy offers as its chief and distinctive achievement, an analysis and interpretation of nature. Nature, in its broadest sense, he conceives as comprehending everything in the universe, except man's soul, and it is the symbol even of this. In nature, God has expressed in concrete form his infinite ideas, has incarnated Himself, so to say, for man's development. Man represents the highest principle in nature, and the whole effect of nature upon him is disciplinary. Therefore, nature, itself, cannot be said to have any natural existence apart from man, and things do not exist in space, but are only reflected as from man's soul. The soul conceives the world as one vast canvas, as it were, painted by the master artist upon eternity and embodying his eternal ideas. When nature rises into mind—and its tendency is ever in that direction—individuality begins. Nature gradually evolves itself and as spiritual man is the final cause of existence, is itself but the projection of a Being, in the form of a man, that is, God. Such, in a nutshell, is Emerson's philosophy.

Emerson was also a poet. In his philosophical poems, expressing great elementary ideas, he is at his best, and is in a sense unapproachable. Here he deals in general symbols and abstract ideas, and impresses upon the reader the majestic conception of the infinite. His themes are of the highest that can engage the singer's or sayer's attention. In all, he is the optimist, rather than the pessimist. Most of his poems, such as "Brahma" and the "Sphinx" are too philosophical to please the general reader who likes simplicity. As has often been said, Emerson delivered his message in many forms, not all of which were designed for all hearers or readers. Idealism appears to him a thing lovely, and of eternal truth, and, always, his perpetual desire was to the clear expression of high thought.

One could not mention Emerson without linking his name with Transcendentalism. The object of the whole theory is a more spiritual interpretation of the universe. Emerson's theory being that God, a spirit, is just thought. Though expresses itself

in phenomena—even in the flowers about us. The chief object of man is to interpret this over-soul of the universe. Emerson believes that you can interpret life through the things about you, so that you can arrive at an understanding of the over-soul. This whole system is too intangible for the ordinary man.

Yet after criticism has said her last word, and analysis can go no further, there still remains a beauty and a charm about Emerson which is perceived more clearly than can be expressed. His wealth of imagery and illustration, which seems almost Oriental, his breadth and weight of thought, his delicacy of treatment, his terseness of speech and his moral earnestness, all combine to make him a favorite author even despite his mysticism and transcendentalism.

He dwells in a bracing atmosphere on the very mountain top of thought, and, as a seer, catches visions of the infinite which he reveals to us for our upbuilding and inspiration. We recognize in him one of the most original and vital forces in our literature.

REGINA PEPPARD, '28.

## THE HOLLAND TUNNEL

N the last issue of LORIA there appeared an article on the Panama Canal, considering its construction as a feat of engineering. The Canal was opened in 1914, but in 1927, almost at our very door, a second marvel of engineering was completed and opened to the public on November 13. This is the Holland Vehicular Tunnel from New York to New Jersey which fills a long-felt need of transportation.

Have you had the occasion to use this tunnel yet?

If not, do so at your first opportunity, for it will give you a thrill you haven't had in many a day. Think of traveling a mile and a half under water from New York to New Jersey in six minutes! The first day it was opened people flocked through in hilarious spirits, shouting and blowing horns as if a second armistice were signed. Many made several trips. The papers stated that no public work since the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge had so fired the imagination of the people.

The appearance of the tunnel within is of circular tiled walls, enclosing a concrete road bed. Traffic moves in a double file, one way only. Lights are placed every few feet, so shining that the motorist is not confused. Policemen are on duty every twenty-five feet. In case of breakdown of any sort, provision is made for speedy and efficient help. Traffic moves at a maximum of thirty miles an hour, is kept in designated line and seventy-five feet distance is maintained between cars.

Behind all this outward splendor and order is a story of years of experiment, discouragement and hardship. The tunnel was the inspiration of Clifford Milburn Holland, a brilliant engineer, for whom it is named. He designed it and a major portion of its construction was carried out under his leadership.

In 1920 the first excavation was made in New York. The engineers had to contend with three major problems: The construction of pressure under water, the meeting of the two tubes on the same level and finally after the completion, the regulation of a fresh air supply.

The first problem was met by working in shields filled with compressed air. As digging progressed behind the shields, they

were pushed forward, and cut through the mud under the river. Men could work in these shields for only two hours at a time and had to be taken through various chambers, lessening the pressure until it was normal. These "sandhogs," as they are called, were paid high wages, but their work was very dangerous, for a washout was always threatening and escape almost impossible.

Then there was the fear of a changing in the course of these shields. Would they pass one another or meet unevenly? To avoid their meeting unevenly, the quantity of mud taken in on each side had to be measured, for any deviation meant the angle was changing and a mistake once made could not be rectified.

While the underwater work was progressing tests were being made in laboratories to determine how poisonous carbon monoxide really was generated and how to avoid an excess of it in the tunnel from the exhaust of the motors. Models were made which proved that air could be forced in from vents in the floor and bad air sucked out through the ceiling. This method has proved very successful. The air is changed forty-two times every minute, affording better atmosphere than we sometimes maintain in buildings above ground.

The tragedy of the building of the tunnel was the death of Holland. This took place a few days before the successful meeting of the shields and what was to have been a day of rejoicing was a day of sorrow. Clifford Holland died in a sanitarium at Battle Creek, worn in mind and body from the unremitting strain. The danger the men were placed in and the necessity for his presence often in an atmosphere of great pressure proved too much and he did not live to see the success of his work.

The tunnel is the largest and longest aqueous one in the world and carries about 46,000 vehicles daily. It cost \$48,400,000 to construct and earned \$22,500 the first day. It is a boon to transportation, eliminating delay and uncertainty of ferries in inclement weather.

The completed work remains a memorial to Clifford Holland and his fellow engineers. Think of all this as you go through and you will truly appreciate this wonder of our times.

MARY E. MANNING, '28.

## CYNICISM



OULD it be of interest to know that word "cynic" comes from the Greek "Kynikos," meaning dog-like? If you would be like a dog, be a cynic. True, some dogs have apparently noble qualities; strictly speaking, they are instincts. Nevertheless, a man is not flattered if told he is "a dog."

Cynicism is one of the surest recipes for unhappiness that a man can follow. The requisite ingredients for the finished product are as follows: A little (note, a little) experience of life's disappointments, a disregard of life's joys, a contempt for the motives of others, a skill in the production of a sneer. With no effort on your part, the accompanying flavor will be sour, the result of the mixtures will be self-inflicted punishment.

One of the most fruitful seasons for the growth of cynicism is between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. Two or three things go wrong, therefore life is not worth living; you are misunderstood. The dreams of youth are shattered; you must keep your feet on the ground, or you will fly blindly into a storm. Consequently, you come down to earth altogether. "What is the use of looking up any more; it brought you only reverses. What fools idealists are! If they knew something of life, they would realize the emptiness of it all. They are cowards, they will not face the real!"

But wait! Are they cowards? Are they fools? No. They face the real, but they do not let it master them. They do not fear as you do, to rise above circumstances. You are the one who does not know life; you see one side of it and are blind to the rest. What of friends, what of nature, what of music, what of God; are these worthless? "There are things in life which make one feel good—sunshine, most music, all flowers, many children, some animals, clouds, mountains, bird-songs, blue sky, dancing, and here and there a young girl's face."

A dog, when whipped, can do no more than grovel, snarl, and snap at his tormenter. The man who does not use his gifts of intellect and will, who does not "grin and bear it," or at least "bear it" without snarling and biting, is no better than the dog. The cynic lacks wisdom and courage, and injures no one but himself.

ELINOR WOODS, '28.

## EMBERS

WHERE is that lovely thing—  
Our friendship of yesterday?  
It's gone, it's gone, it's gone—you moan,  
But that cannot be, I say!

'Twas too real, too wondrous and fine  
To have vanished so—that way  
See! There are its embers fading, yet warm—  
Leave them, at least, I pray!

But can't we revive it,—  
The old flame so gay?  
Never, Oh, never again 'twill return  
Cherish the embers today!

HELEN BARTHEN, '30.

## SAWDY



COLUMBUS CIRCLE: A series in the progression of United Cigar Stores, automobile show rooms, Childs', giant electric signs; of two by four store rooms where the "self-made" business man will tell you upon the slightest encouragement that his father-in-law is setting him up in business; mecca for the dregs of the underworld, rendezvous for sharp-eyed officers of the law; a profitable hangout for drug and liquor traffickers, a stage which lends itself to tragedy and comedy alike, whether it be a sly wink from the flirtatious flapjacker in Childs, or merely the place where some old bum got a kick off the corner and lay down and died.

The day was cold, bitterly cold. It was such a day that the two-faced Janus (or whatever god was watching Sawdy's destiny) would purposely send, especially since he had shivered himself out of bed earlier than usual this morning, to see if this attempt to stave off the starvation that had been staring him in the face all week, would elude his bad jinx. He thought satirically of the old proverb, "The early bird catches the worm." He, for one, hadn't gained a thing, but he had lost several good hours of sleep. And that reminded him, where was he going to sleep tonight? And would he be able to quiet his tormented brain and soothe his twitching nerves soon? But once more he craved it; once more, the trance-like passivity which dulled that horrible gnawing at his heart, and flushed his rest with vast riches, and his mother's smile—after that he would be glad to die.

Why couldn't he have the little things he needed? Now, especially, he hated to admit even to himself that he couldn't go on much longer without the drug—and would probably sell his soul for an ounce of it. But after all he hadn't been such a bad guy. He'd always settled with his pals fifty-fifty, he'd never squealed, and once he gave a blind beggar a dollar. Life was unfair, that was all.

As he neared Seventh Avenue and 59th Street, he halted, and leaning against a large plate of glass he started watching the limousines pass, one after another, each with its sleek occupant staring dully ahead, not even human enough to recognize a kinship with that vast sea of people, milling on the sidewalks. "It is damnable," he thought, "the way such extremes are tolerated! Why couldn't that waddling old dowager who resembled a faded but much enlarged version of scrambled eggs, dig down into her depthless pockets, dig down and hand me a five or a ten." Believe me, I need it, all right. No one ever—

"Pardon me—"

"Hey, get outta the way. Why don't ya look where ya goin'? Good God! Can't a respectable feller stand on the street anymore, without having everyone bunkin' into them for miles around?"

"What are you laffin' at? Get out of my way I tell ya, or you will be kissing the pavement in two secs." His upraised fist was stayed by a passerby who, with the rest of the curiosity seekers quickly dispersed at the appearance of a policeman, leaving Sawdy weakly protesting with the bluecoat in a hysterical but subdued tremolo. The officer who saw his unkempt beard, his ragged clothing and his deeply lined face, said with a menacing grip on his arm, "Get away from this corner, Bum, and don't let me catch you across the beat again, or you'll tell it to the judge." Weak and twitching, the "Bum" scarcely understood his words, but his meaning was evident enough. He stood there dumbly hesitant for a second. This the policeman took for defiance and with a grip on his shoulder that made him wince with pain, he shoved Sawdy half-way down 59th Street.

After a second or two of unconsciousness, Sawdy picked himself up from the cold street, his shins bruised, his feet sore, his head aching, and a terrible pain in his chest which was in no way soothed by the sharp wind that seared and knifed his body as if he were naked. And the twitching—Oh God! Would it last much longer?

Turning Ninth Avenue in a daze, he passed an apple cart

where a load of bright red pippins were selling at three for five cents. With a furtive look around, Sawdy separated a shiny one from its companions and began to continue on his way. But then—the blood rushed to his head and he blushed, for he felt the eyes of someone upon him. In a childish attempt at concealment, he shut his eyes, but the dangerous glare of the Greek warned him.

He flashed down the glaring avenue with all the strength that was left in his puny body, a pack of wild foreigners and several policemen at his heels. If the whole world had been in hot pursuit, he could not have felt his chances of escape less. Thinking quickly, however, he forced his lagging feet to run faster, faster, until turning the corner of Ninth Avenue he had a minute's grace before the mob could catch sight of him. Through an alley, over a fence, under a porch and down the steps into the basement of a billiard parlor where his buddy, Joe, gyped the society "slummers" at three-handed "Gin," he fell stumbling into the cellar, but—he made it.

For some time he lay there getting his breath. When he was sure that he was alone, he started to lurch over to the dumb-waiter, where he could call Joe and get that "jab" to steady his nerves. But his legs were trembling, and wouldn't hold him up, so he had to manoeuver his way over, sometimes crawling, sometimes rolling on his back, and twice he gagged himself to stifle the cries that arose to his lips from the pain that accompanied the effort. Finally, he reached the dumbwaiter, and ah—here was the rope which he could use to summon Joe to him. As the cold stones of the dark, damp cellar received him, a drowsiness overcame his desire for aid, and for a few short moments he nestled happily on the warmth of a sunny dream, where he had three meals a day, and his mother smiled upon him eternally.

Sometime later (it must have been evening) he awoke, or, rather, the soreness of his whole body, the loud throbbing of his heart, and the close dizziness in his head, brought him to a state of semi-consciousness, in which every ache and sore which he had had for the last ten years seemed to shout and clamor for

supremacy, over all the others. He was hungry, too. Three days ago he had been given a cup of coffee by someone, who was it? It must have been Joe. But no, it was his mother—yes—his mother. Joe was good to him, too. That reminded him—he could get Joe by pulling the rope. Groping in the dark for a few seconds, his hand closed around the rope, and he held it, but he couldn't make it knock on the door upstairs. Summoning all his strength he rose upon his knees, but, as he was going to swing the rope, it broke under his weight and he fell, his head banging the cement floor of the cellar and the rest of his body in a heap after it, his bony hands still clutching on to the rope with a grip that Death alone gives, to its wrestlers. Night closed in, leaving the rats to chant the dying prayers of a man huddled in the corner of Joe's Billiard Parlor.

Outside, it was raining. The giant lights that were advertising Prince Albert winked cheerily between the drops, and the girl who "flapped jacks" for Childs was whistling "My Hero."

ANNA G. HARRIGAN, '31.

### ON MY WAY HOME

How picturesque at evening is the city street  
Crowded with restless, surging feet  
Of people, young and old, with purpose one  
To reach their homes—a weary day's work done.  
And overhead the "L" goes roaring by,  
A curling serpent outlined against the sky.

How picturesque at evening is the country scene,  
The quiet murmuring of a stream  
Is all that breaks the stillness. Round about  
No restless feet, no newsboy's raucous shout,  
And 'gainst the winter sky, so calm and gray,  
The leafless trees a lacy pattern lay.

MARIAN R. BALTES, '31.

## ROSE LEAVES



HERE are many things in life that we remember not because they brought nearer to our hands the shine of gold, or because they gave to us some swift hour of overflowing praise, but because they leave in our hearts some crystallized bit of beauty—some little echo of an Infinite Loveliness. They are moments that drop into the very depths of our souls, coming to rest like soft flower petals, forever fragrant, their perfume always clinging to our thoughts.

There are such moments when on a star-crusty summer night the notes of a Chopin Nocturne fall on the darkness like pearls on velvet. Far-off music is sweet and poignant of itself, but heard under a glistening sky, with the night things making a new bass for the melody, the moments become entirely beautiful, and the whole thing an intimate part of life itself. There is the same feeling, when on a sun-drenched day one enters a great Gothic cathedral, and the deep quiet and dim half-light that dwell in remote pointed arches comes over one, pouring awe and wonder into the soul.

We have all known these “experiences in beauty.” They stay with us, become an essential part of our being, and their remembrance is always sweet. Shelley told us, that

“Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.”

Yet, there is another and a finer kind of experience in beauty. It is that which we find, not when artistry and the circumstance make their appeal to us, but that kind which we sometimes get in contacts with our fellowmen. When someone reveals to us a bit of his intellect or a corner of his heart, we can share with our friend his thought, as he holds up for our eyes a silver mirror

that will catch the gleams from his soul. What of the time when a man talks of his mother, and the tone of his voice and the light of his eyes speak to your very heart? What of the silent reverence you feel when a great surgeon gives you a quiet, simple account of a work that meant the saving of a life? And again, what of the color and movement that you saw when your friend described a street in Cairo? And when timely, trusted advice came from one who loved you—then, what depths of thankful satisfaction!

These are things that make life good. They are thoughts from other souls—beautiful at first, and, as Time goes on, more beautiful.

“Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved’s bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.”

CATHARINE FOURNIER, '30.

# Loria

"LITTERÆ OBLECTAMEN REMANEANT IN ÆTERNUM"

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## EDITORIALS

### SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

HE seventeenth of March has long been a day proper to the special patron of Ireland, Saint Patrick. Even here in the States, people of Irish interests have established it as one of the lesser semi-public holidays.

But, perhaps because it gives an opportunity to emphasize national traits, a kind of celebration of Saint Patrick's Day, far from the original purpose of its founding, has become popular. "Paddy," a sort of Irishman, who if he ever existed, certainly is not representative of the Irish nation, is caricatured in all phases of behaviour, standing as the symbol of Ireland.

This sort of thing is extremely unfortunate, and extremely unfair to the average intelligent Irishman. It is, and should be, distasteful to the Irish nation to appear in the American mind as a buffoon dressed in comic-opera clothes.

A production of a prominent Irish playwright has a very successful run on Broadway this season. An Irish author is at this moment touring the country on a lecture tour. The work of the better-known Irish poets is considerably popular in America. Their art is truly representative of the Irish people. Yet alongside of them stands the figure of "Paddy" with his corncob pipe and his horse-play. His image must be destroyed before Saint Patrick's Day will mean to the average American the feast day of the saint of poets and scholars.

## CO-OPERATION

With this issue, *LORIA* goes to press for the last time this year. The next issue will be published by a new board of editors, some of whom will have to face again the same difficulties, for while Seniors may come, and Seniors may go, *LORIA* must go on forever.

But can *LORIA* go on? Every method short of violence has been used this year to exact copy from undergraduates of literary tastes. We doubt that there are any new methods left. Yet the contributions, if we are to judge by the past, must be expected from the same small minority.

There are a number of reasons one can advance for the dearth of suitable material. The main one is the tendency to let someone else work, if responsibility is not placed squarely on one's own shoulders. Another reason is that the average student feels that contributing to *LORIA* is so much like class-work that one should combine the two fields whenever possible, thus producing a hybrid fit for neither. Some students, too, feel that because they can't express themselves in the conservative literary language beloved of a past day, that their work will be unsuitable for *LORIA*. Then there is the undergraduate, whose work, for what-

ever reason, is rejected, and who resolves promptly never to contribute another article to the unappreciative editors.

Not much can be done about the girls who just leave it to someone else to contribute, nor can we give credit for LORIA articles to the girl who feels that her time is wasted if she gets no valuable return. But as for the girl who is diffident about her plain style, if she can write a straightforward message in good, clear, simple English, her work will be more than welcomed by the editors. And to the girls whose work we have been unable to print, remember that every writer of note has a collection of rejection slips to equal his pay checks.

LORIA must be supported if it is to advance. Write—write until it hurts; hand in on time what you write, and give the editors a chance to do purely editorial work.

## AS WE LIKE IT PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING

THE state of being a  
Jackass would be  
Rather interesting  
For a psychological  
Study and probably  
None of us would  
Have far to look  
For introspective  
Material since we  
All have experienced  
At one time or  
Another the somewhat  
Uncomfortable but  
Highly vital sensation  
That we are making a  
Jackass of ourselves  
We inevitably increase  
The resemblance to  
A considerable degree  
By our efforts  
Themselves bearing  
All the earmarks  
Of the celebrated  
Quadruped to decrease  
That same resemblance  
Then we wonder if  
It is possible  
That we look quite  
As much like a  
Jackass as we  
Feel and sometimes  
A faint ray of

Hope comes that  
Perhaps we don't  
After all but  
Observation and  
Experimental analysis  
Have brought forth  
Certain facts relative  
To the state of  
Jackassery among  
Which stands that  
The appearance of  
A jackass increases in  
Geometric proportion with  
The sensation in  
Other words if we  
Feel quite decidedly  
In that condition it  
Is a safe guess  
That we look at least  
Three times as  
Much so Q. E. D.

M. M. M., '29.

## THANKSGIVING

Stevenson's remark that we ought all be as happy as kings has often been quoted and is indeed worthy of quotation. We might add that there is an additional reason for thanksgiving in the quality of things as well as the quantity, which was all R. L. S. mentioned. If we stop to think about it, we might find great cause for happiness in the fact that things are what they are and not something else instead.

Take that charming old creature, Mother Goose. After all, isn't it rather fortunate that she was the dear old lady she was? Consider the tragedy that might have been if Mother Goose had been—say, Robert Burns. A most likeable chap—Bobbie Burns—delightful in his own line—but picture him writing Mother Goose rhymes. Or rather, picture the rhymes after he had written them. For instance, that perfectly innocent jingle about Miss Muffet. What alarming qualities it might assume under the hand of the lyric Scotchman.

“Wee lassie Muffet, on a braw day  
    Eat ilka curdies, sunk on a sma' brae,  
        Noo coom spider beastie—  
            Sae enda tha feastie  
The frightened bairn gang awa' frae.”

As if this were not calamity enough in itself, there is still the other side to be regarded. If Mother Goose were Robert Burns, Robert Burns would obviously have to be Mother Goose. And then, what would become of the field mouse, the daisy and all the Highland Marys? The disastrous results we will not attempt to show. Here another difficulty arises. If Robert Burns were Mother Goose and Mother Goose were Robert Burns, which would be which? And would either be, and if not, how could we tell? If this pitiful condition existed we would be empowered to write more verbosely on the subject, and herein lies a manifold

cause to give thanks that it doesn't. Though things may not be what they seem, we breathe a sigh of relief that things are what they are.

MARJORIE MURPHY, '29.

### PERFIDIA INTER NOS

A traitor in our midst! Who is this Moby Dick who has arisen among us like a captive snake and struck from within? Who is this alien, this wolf in sheep's clothing who has deemed it fit to turn upon her fellows and deal a deadly blow? O perfidy! O treason! To think that the tears of woman should be made to suffer such sacrilege, should be held up to ridicule. And by one we had been wont to claim as our own! Her most precious inheritance! Her most worthy weapon!

What more beautiful than trickling tears? What more charmingly elusive of description in words? And now out from among us steps one who would tear off the veil of romance, who would grossly analyze our tears and catalogue them, even as the chemicals in a pharmacist's are catalogued. Whence has romance fled? O

"Where are the dreams of yesteryear?"

Ah, Moby Dick, you did not carry your foul purpose to its fouler finish. How did it happen that you neglected to labor the number of tears shed for each motive? Surely the fact could not evade your dissecting eye that the same quantity need not be utilized in every cause? And you omitted to mention the composition of tears, the proportion of H<sub>2</sub>O, the variety of saline content?

Moby Dick, with outstretched arms we implore you, our sister (if our sister you be, though evidence denies it)—consider—repent—and shed a tear!

COLLETTE BOURKE, '29.

## FOOLISHMENT

THE smoke curled up the chimney from  
The blazing fire below;  
The waiting pot, all scrubbed and clean,  
Hung o'er the flames. But oh!

Though water boiled all merrily  
Within this hanging pot,  
The meat that was to boil there, too—  
Alas, the meat was not!

The old man's empty innards rolled.  
“The wolf is at our door.”  
His wife said: “Drag him in, and boil  
Him up—he's no good rawr!”

CATHARINE FOURNIER, '30.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

### LITERARY SOCIETY

One of the first activities of the new semester was the working out of the plans of the Literary Society.

On Thursday evening, February 9, about thirty members attended the performance of Walter Hampden in "Caponsacchi." Besides affording the girls a very pleasant evening, the play provided material for the following meeting of the Society. A study was made of Browning's "The Ring and the Book," from which the story of Caponsacchi is taken, and other interesting phases of the work were developed. The success of the undertaking is due to Miss Helen Kenny, '28, whose efforts to please the enthusiastic members of this society of which she is president, have truly incited a literary spirit in them.

At the first March meeting a formal debate on the question of the use of modern dress in Shakespearean plays was presented. We hope that the remainder of the work of the Society this semester will be equally fruitful.

### THE ABACUS

At the final meeting of last semester, Miss Eileen J. McLoughlin was chosen chairman for this semester to succeed Miss Margaret Harnett, who has been graduated. Miss Honora Olive succeeds Miss Betty Judge as secretary. Miss McLoughlin conducted the general meeting for February on Wednesday the 8.

The speakers were all Juniors and Sophomores, each of whom is to be commended for her treatment of the topic assigned to her. In general the papers were on measurement in various fields, and the methods of measurement used through the centuries.

For the meeting of March 7, the "Abacus" had as guest speaker Miss Eileen McNamara, '27, who is now in the mathematics department of Bushwick High School.

It is expected that the following meeting will be devoted to a continuation of the topic, "Projective Geometry," which was begun at a previous meeting last semester.

**JUNIOR  
WEEK**

Though this year's Junior Week did not begin until Tuesday because of the holiday, it was just as full of pleasant times as it could possibly have been.

A Mass at eight o'clock, on February 13, in the College Chapel, opened '29's succession of events which lasted until the following Sunday afternoon. On Tuesday evening the class supper was served by the Freshmen in the Alumnae room, which was festively decorated with hearts and other frivolities suggested by St. Valentine's day. Chanin's Theatre held "Good News" for these happy Juniors after the supper and put them into still gayer spirits for the rest of their activities.

As guests of the Seniors on Wednesday night, '29 was at Jolson's Theatre to see "My Maryland." On Thursday the Juniors gave a reception and tea to the members of the faculty and the undergraduate body. Miss Marjorie Murphy, chairman of Junior Week, spoke a few words of welcome. There followed an amusing recitation by Marie Brennan and a one-act play, "The Maker of Dreams." Both the prologue and the play were especially delightful and entertaining.

Friday night brought the result of many hours of planning and preparation—the Prom, held in the main ballroom of the Plaza, with music by Meyer-Davis. Its great success was due to the efforts of Miss Margaret Fitzgerald, chairman, and her committee, consisting of Miss Irene Roth, honorary chairman, and the Misses Margaret Conway, Virginia Quinn, Gertrude Jones, Eleanor Surpless, Frances McGuire and Helen Sullivan.

The final event of the week was the tea at Alice Foote McDougall's "Sevilla" at which the class of '27 were hostesses to the Juniors. It was a lovely ending for one of the happiest weeks in their lives.

**PROPAGATION  
OF THE  
FAITH SOCIETY**

ciety.

A very interesting lecture on The Papal Court was given by Dr. John F. Riley, under the auspices of the Propagation of the Faith So-

A lecture was given on Thursday afternoon, February 23,

under the direction of the College Chapter of the Propagation of the Faith Society. Miss Mary Manning, president of the Apostleship of Study, introduced Dr. Riley. All who attended enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon.

**DRAMATIC SOCIETY** The Dramatic Society, under the direction of Miss Alice White, is working on two plays, "The Upper Room" and "Seventh Heaven."

The former, a Lenten drama, will be presented during Holy Week. Two performances of "Seventh Heaven" will be given during the week preceding the semestral exams.

LORIA extends to Miss Dorothy Thompson and her Society best wishes for their success in these undertakings.

**GLEE CLUB** The Glee Club is enjoying as fine a reputation this year as it did last year. Its big production, "The Lady of Shalott," given in January at the College was wonderfully successful. The St. Patrick's Day entertainment will take place on Friday evening, March 16. Judging from past performances we may be well assured of a very enjoyable evening, the program of which will contain all our old Irish favorites. We congratulate Miss Catherine Irwin, president of the Glee Club, on its successes.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

The Editor of "Alumnae Notes" takes this opportunity to thank Miss Mary McDonnell, '26, for her helpful coöperation in assisting the Editor in conducting the department.

**ALUMNAE PLAY** "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," presented by the Alumnae at the College on Friday evening, February 3, received an enthusiastic reception by the large crowd that filled the auditorium to overflowing. To the members of the cast we extend our heartiest congratulations on the success of their efforts. Nor can we be too generous in our praise of Anne Schrage, '27, who is responsible for this faultless production and whose artistic work in the play added greatly to our enjoyment. The Alumnae, encouraged by its success, are considering putting it on a second time. It is well worth repetition.

**CARD PARTY** The Alumnae Card Party held at the Waldorf Roof on February 14 was a success, socially and financially. Complete and exact returns have not been made, as yet.

**ATHLETICS** The Basketball Team has not been so successful as its initial game had promised. In an evenly matched and hard fought game with Hunter College the Alumnae Team was forced to defeat by the slight margin of four points. The score was 36-32. Again, the team met defeat at the hands of the swift Manhattanville Team. Lest we forget (loathe to confess it) the Alumnae won two decisive victories over the Varsity, first by a score of 32-24, and again with a score of 32-18. More power to them.

The Athletic Association is planning a series of Bridges to help finance its activities.

**LITERARY SOCIETY**

A lecture is to be given under the auspices of the Alumnae Literary Society at the College in the latter part of March. Margaret Crowley, '26, is arranging it and expects a good attendance by the Alumnae. Further announcement will be made later.

**COMMUNION BREAKFAST**

Margaret White, '23, has been made Chairman of the Committee for arranging the Annual Communion Breakfast. It will be on Sunday, April the first. The Breakfast will be served at the Leverich Towers Hotel.

'23 On February 11, Margaret Lennon was married to Raymond Martin in the Church of St. Gregory by the Reverend William T. Dillon, J.D. Mr. and Mrs. Martin are spending their honeymoon abroad. We wish them every happiness.

Mary Sheridan was Chairman of a Class Card Party held in the Alumnae Room on Thursday afternoon, February 16.

'24 Viola Hearn, who is spending the winter abroad, will return some time in June. She is going on a Mediterranean Cruise and intends to spend a short time in Africa.

'26 Muriel McCarthy has announced her engagement to Meredith Jones.

'27 S. J. C. has been exalted through Estelle Stawiarski, who headed the list of successful candidates in the License No. 1 Examination. Congratulations, Estelle.

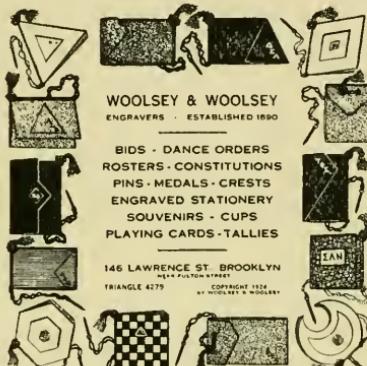
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**IN MEMORIAM**

LORIA extends its sincere sympathy to Gertrude Murphy, '26, on the loss of her father, and to Anna Schneider, '26, on the loss of her mother.

R. I. P.

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